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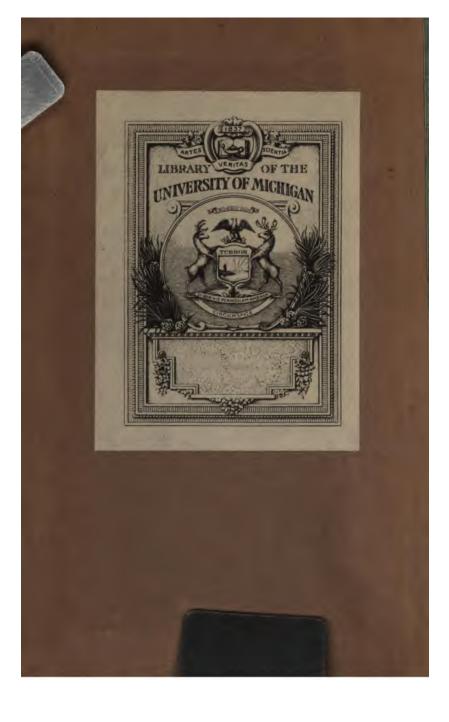
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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



# ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

STUDIES IN LITERARY CRITICISM, INTER-PRETATION AND HISTORY

By C. H. SYLVESTER

Formerly Professor of Literature and Pedagogy in the State Normal School at Stevens Point, Wis.

INCLUDING COMPLETE
MASTERPIECES

IN TEN VOLUMES
With Numerous Halftone Illustrations
VOLUME EIGHT, HISTORY

CHICAGO SMITH & REEVE

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The Literary Powers (Continued)

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Words are things. They seem endowed with They have an almost human existence. Springing into being at the promptings of nature, they live through ages and are passed from one human being to another, gathering associations as they go till they come to us, their latest users, carrying a burden of meaning we do not stop to real-Home, parents, morning, Sabbath, battle, peace, patriotism are such words. Pronounce them one at a time and wait for the thronging images to come into your mind. How each brings up its own series of pictures, bright at first, then fading quickly away but to give place to others equally vivid! Is it of morning you are thinking? Then the pictures are flashing landscapes glittering in the first rosy colors of the approaching dawn; they are dark and sullen with the driving mists from northern lakes; they are clear and brilliant with distant snow-capped mountains, the cold breath from which stirs the blood like new wine: they are pictures of the narrow, oppressive walls that hemmed you in on that dismal morn of your first bitter disappointment, or the wide aisles of the forest in which you wandered after you had achieved your first triumph in your struggles with the world.

There are adjectives, too, that have a similar power and when they are combined with the right nouns, they restrict the number of the pictures we may call up but intensify those we see. Summer is a suggestive word but when Lowell speaks of "lavish summer" we are caught by the extravagant richness and beauty of the season and recognize the brilliancy of a phrase we should never have thought of uttering. Bryant speaks of the "rocking billows" and the aptness of the expression intensifies our view as it shuts out the "bounding billows" we had seen. Bryant has the "all beholding sun" and Lowell the "unscarred heaven." Going a step farther and attributing to inanimate things some of the qualities of the living, Goldsmith calls the desolate waste about his "sweet Auburn," the "pensive plain" and Whittier, feeling the presence of his family even in the deserted home, hears no step on the "conscious floor."

All these phrases attract our attention and appeal to our æsthetic sense. Again Whittier tells us of a low green tent, and carries out his figure by adding "whose curtain never outward swings." The shuddering horror of the grave is not before us, but the peace and quiet of a restful home.

The word phrase we do not use in its strict grammatical sense but with a wider meaning. The phrase is a unit of literary expression and may be of considerable length and even include a whole

sentence. The ability to coin these phrases is one of the great gifts possessed by the true poet and the powerful writer of prose. In them the author shows his marked originality and his distinct personality to a conspicuous degree. Phrase making becomes a passion with some writers and one learns to recognize the polished antithetical type that marks the school of Pope, and the less ornate but equally pointed apothegms of Franklin. Other writers seem to achieve their results by a flash of inspiration, a sudden crystallization of the elements of thought into forms that sparkle like diamonds. There is in such no conscious attempt to formulate, but somewhere in the higher regions of the intellect the emotions recognize delicate relationships and arrange the words without awaiting the slow will of the writer. The best of these phrases become a part of the language and are themselves as inseparable as the single word. We use them without a thought of their origin. They are common property and their authorship is frequently unknown. religious light", "Laughter holding both his sides" are from Milton; "A bold bad man", "The noblest mind the best contentment has" from Spenser; "The devil can cite Scripture to his purpose", "Frailty, thy name is woman", "Brevity is the soul of wit", "Main chance", Dogberry's "Comparisons are odorous", "What's in a name?", "We have seen better days", are all from the plays of

Shakespeare. Franklin, Goldsmith, Pope and others have contributed scores of the phrases that have proved the small change of conversation since they were first written.

The humorist sees relationships that do not appear to everyone and brings together incongruous ideas in such a way as to strike our fancy and excite our sense of the ludicrous. Dickens in *The Cricket on the Hearth* dashes off many of these humorous phrases: the horse is "tearing up the road by his impatient autographs"; the dog is "discharging a circle of short barks round the horse", wagging that "nothing of a fag end of a tail of his"; the baby wears a cap, "sort of a nankeen raised pie." The writings of Holmes are full of witty phrases and Irving, Charles Lamb and Thackeray have each in his own way mastered the charming art of facetious expression.

Much of the popular current literature is manufactured by ignorant emotional beings, who see relations where none exist and flood their pages with absurd attempts at fine writing. In a great daily of recent date is an illustration of this. The prominent continued story abounds in exciting situations, and the author indulges in such sentences as these: The hero "could not sleep. The Cretan night was too intense. The moonlight on the ground was passionately white." An intense night and passionate moonlight are hard to realize. A false and forced emotion cannot rouse a true

one; the actor must feel his part, must be the character he represents. Unless there is sincerity in the emotion which prompts the phrase the result of such a mingling of strong adjectives is merely ridiculous.

Many of the notable phrases quoted above are felicitous merely. The combination of ideas is an appropriate one and the reader is sensible of keen enjoyment as he reads them. Dr. John Brown in speaking of the dog Rab says he was "a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog"; he has a "tattered rag of an ear" which was "forever unfurling itself like an old flag" and a "bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long,—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear and it, were of the oddest and swiftest." In spite of the trifling mixture of metaphors the passage abounds in felicitous descriptive phrases.

To Wordsworth, the daisy is "A nun demure, of lowly port"; for Burns, it has its "snawie bosom sunward spread." Coleridge sees a river "Five miles meandering with amazing motion"; around Burns and his Mary, "Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore" and Wordsworth loves "The little brooks, that seem all pastime, all play" and the child than which, "A lovelier flower on earth was never sown" lived—

"In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round." From Burns:

- "Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire."
- "He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest."
  From Goldsmith:
- "Words of learned length and thundering sound."
  - "Blossomed furze unprofitably gay."

The dexterous phrase which seems to lack the natural grace and beauty of the felicitous phrase makes a second class. It is a piece of artistic work but it shows the handiwork of its creator. It is clear, concise and pointed. It is less descriptive, is more intellectual and more powerful but less emotional. The felicitous phrase grows as a flower and its parts belong to each other by right of birth; the dexterous phrase is made, like the sword. Of this class are many of Franklin's sayings:

- "Drive thy business! Let not that drive thee."
- "Constant dropping wears away stones."
- "He that lives on hope will die fasting."
- "A fat kitchen makes a lean will."

Pope is an accomplished maker of this kind of phrase:

- "Man never is but always to be blest."
- "Order is heaven's first law."
- "What thin partitions sense from thought divide."

"And beauty draws us with a single hair."

But there is a third phrase that surpasses these, the phrase of power. Beauty is sacrificed to strength, delicacy of expression to profundity of thought. These great phrases appeal to the higher intellectual qualities of man and move him to the depths. Such phrases are rare as are all the really great things of nature.

"The prophet soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come."—Shakespeare.

"Our noisy years seem moments in the being Of the eternal silence."—Wordsworth.

In Memoriam, dealing as it does with the gravest problems that touch the human soul, will give more examples of the powerful or dynamic phrase than any other selection in this course. When he thinks of evolution and the possible survival in us of the characteristics of the lower animals Tennyson exclaims:

"Arise, and fly The reeling Faun, the sensual feast; Move upward, working out the beast, And let the ape and tiger die."

Elsewhere is this:

"What profit lies in barren faith, And vacant yearning, tho' with might To scale the heaven's highest height, Or dive below the wells of Death?"

Allusion has been frequently made to phrasal power, and the student should now after studying

the selections in this part go back through the course and select the phrases that attract his special attention. He will see as he re-reads the stories, the essays and poems of the earlier numbers that he has gained a power of nicer discrimination and a better appreciation of what is really admirable.

Classify the phrases found, remembering that after all, the basis of classification for the phrases you find is your own judgment of their value. No one can prescribe absolutely for another. Following this are additional selections for study.

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NORTHERN WOODS IN AUTUMN



### Introductory

In 1732 Benjamin Franklin began the publication of an almanac which he issued annually for twenty-five years. He assumed it to be written by one Richard Saunders. At this time almanacs were popular and one of them was to be seen hanging by the fireplace in nearly every farmhouse. Besides the monthly calendar and the usual information concerning the heavenly bodies the almanacs contained interesting information, useful facts, and a variety of entertaining literature.

Franklin says: "I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually nearly ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as a means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of the proverbs, it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. . . .

#### Introductory

"These proverbs, which contain the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the continent and reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication."

#### Door Richard's Almanac

The Preface for the Year 1757

COURTEOUS READER: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author of almanacs annually now for a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses, and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with as Poor Richard says at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my

authority; and I own that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'a word to the wise is enough, 'and 'many words won't fill a bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows:

Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to

some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our FOLLY; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says in his almanac of 1733.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their TIME, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. "But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the

most precious, "wasting of time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "lost time is never found again," and what we call "time enough! always proves little enough." Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy," as Poor Richard says; and "he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him," as we read in Poor Richard; who adds, "drive thy business! let not that drive thee!" and

"Early to bed and early to rise Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish," as Poor Richard says, and "he that lives on hope will die fasting." "There are no gains without pains; then help, hands! for I have no lands;" or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. And as Poor Richard likewise observes, "he that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office

of profit and honor;" but then the trade must be worked at and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, "at the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them."

What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "diligence is the mother of good luck," as Poor Richard says, and "God gives all things to industry."

"Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep,"

says Poor Dick. Work while it is called today, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, "one to-day is worth two to-morrows;" and further, "have you somewhat to do tomorrow? Do it to-day!"

If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? "Be ashamed to catch yourself idle," as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for

yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day! "Let not the sun look down and say, 'Inglorious here he lies!" Handle your tools without mittens! remember that "the cat in gloves catches no mice!" as Poor Richard says.

'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for "constant dropping wears away stones;" and "by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;" and "little strokes fell great oaks," as Poor Richard says in his almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, "employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure;" and "since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour!" Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as poor Richard says, "a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things." Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No! for, as poor Richard says, "trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease." "Many,

without labor, would live by their wits only, but they'll break for want of stock" [means]; whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures and they'll follow you;" "the diligent spinner has a large shift:" and

"Now I have a sheep and a cow, Everybody bids me good-morrow."

All which is well said by Poor Richard. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree

Nor yet an oft removed family

That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, "three removes are as bad as a fire"; and again, "keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee"; and again, "if you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again

"He that by the plow would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, "the eye of the master will do more work than both his hands"; and again, "want of care does us more damage than

want of knowledge"; and again, "not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open."

Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the almanac says, "in the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it"; but a man's own care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, "learning is to the studious and riches to the careful"; as well as "power to the bold" and "heaven to the virtuous." And further, "if you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself."

And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters; because sometimes "a little neglect may breed great mischief"; adding, "for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost"; being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail!

So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality if we would make our industry more certainly successful. "A man may," if he knows not how to save as he goes "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone

and die not worth a groat at last." "A fat kitchen makes a lean will," as Poor Richard says; and

- "Many estates are spent in the getting, Since women for tea<sup>1</sup> forsook spinning and knitting,
- And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

If you would be wealthy, says he in another almanac, "think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as poor Dick says

"Women and wine, game and deceit, Make the wealth small and the wants great."

And further, "what maintains one vice would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, a diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little more entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what Poor Richard

<sup>1.</sup> Tea at this time was expensive and regarded a luxury.

says, "many a little makes a mickle"; and further, "beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship"; and again

"Who dainties love shall beggars prove"; and moreover, "fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

Here are you all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. member what Poor Richard says: "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries." And again, "at a great pennyworth pause awhile." He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain by straitening thee in thy business may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths."

Again, Poor Richard says, "'tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance"; and yet this folly is practiced every day at vendues for want of minding the almanac.

"Wise men," as Poor Richard says, "learn by others' harm; fools scarcely by their own"; but Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum." Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly and half-starved his family. "Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets," as Poor Richard says, "put out the kitchen fire." These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says, "for one poor person there are a hundred indigent."

By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that "a plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, "'tis day and will never be night"; that "a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding" (a child and

<sup>2.</sup> He's a lucky fellow who is made prudent by other men's perils.

a fool, as Poor Richard says, imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent); but "always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom." Then, as Poor Dick says, "when the well's dry they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some"; for "he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing", and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again.

Poor Dick further advises and says:

"Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse; Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "pride is as loud a beggar as want and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "'tis easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it." And 'tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Great estates may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for "pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt", as Poor Richard says. And in another place, "pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy."

And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"What is a butterfly? At best He's but a caterpillar drest, The gaudy fop's his picture just,"

as Poor Richard says.

But what madness must it be to run into debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this vendue six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by

degrees come to lose your veracity and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, "the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt"; and again, to the same purpose, "lying rides upon debt's back"; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. "'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright!" as Poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince or the government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges and such a government tyrannical? And vet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail for life or to sell you for a servant if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but "creditors," Poor Richard tells us, "have better memories than debtors"; and in another place

says, "creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as "Those have a short well as his shoulders. Lent," saith Poor Richard, "who owe money to be paid at Easter." Then since, as he says, "the borrower is a slave to the lender and the debtor to the creditor," disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency. Be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want, save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

As Poor Richard says, gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever while you live expense is constant and certain; and "'tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says; so, "rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

"Get what you can, and what you get hold;
"Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold," 3

as Poor Richard says; and when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure, you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterward prosperous.

And now, to conclude, "experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that"; for it is true, "we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct," as Poor Richard says. However, remember this: "they that won't be counseled can't be helped," as Poor Richard says; and further, that "if you will not hear reason she'll surely rap your knuckles."

The philosopher's stone, so called; a mineral having the power of turning base metals into gold.

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary. just as if it had been a common sermon. the vendue opened and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. ever, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader. if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve RICHARD SAUNDERS. thee.

July 7th, 1757.

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WASHINGTON IRVING



When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resorte,
Living in brasse or stony monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorte;
Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenseless majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a painted stone
Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon,
Could not content nor quench their appetites.

Life is a frost of cold felicitie,

And death the thaw of all our vanitie.

Christolero's Epigrams, by T. B. 1598.

On one of these sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster school, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving slowly along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a specter from one of the neighboring tombs.

The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloister still retains something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damps, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funeral The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorn the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters;

beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky, or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eyes were attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times; (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus. Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint

records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon the gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults The eve gazes with wonder of the cloisters. at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions. with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man, wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handy-work. ciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb: while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchers, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place

presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. And vet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together, and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook -a gloomy corner -a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy: and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for a sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that

the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll

towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchers of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates, with crosiers and miters; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader;

of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction—between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fictions, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which has spread over the wars for the Sepulcher of They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection: of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern

monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly: and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to Poet's Corner, stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art: but which, to me, appears horrible rather than It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, sublime. The bottom of the monument by Roubillac. is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms. who strives, with vain and frantic effort to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph, bursting from the distended jaws of the specter. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors around

the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear: the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the death-like repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along and beating against the very walls of the sepulcher.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent

arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchers.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulcher of its founder,—

his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence: this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty, but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them. my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land; glittering with the splendor of jeweled rank and military array; alive with the tread of many feet, and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place; interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion. When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scat-

tered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors—the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulcher of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day, but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulcher continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which

is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in the silent grave no conversation, No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers, No careful father's counsel — nothing's heard, For nothing is, but all oblivion, Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death,

and make the silent sepulcher vocal! - And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. - And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls - the ear is stunned — the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee - it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I arose, and prepared to leave the abbey.

As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it. to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchers of various kings From this eminence the eye and queens. looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen, lie mouldering in "their beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulcher. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive? how soon that crown which encircles its brow

must pass away; and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude? For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the scepter has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult - all more or less outraged and dishonored.

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the

#### Westminster Abbey

monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of the verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchers but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion? It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace; where he sits in state. mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are

## Westminster Abbey

too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that give interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-"Our fathers," says Sir Thomas morrow. Brown, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand - and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."1

What then is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of

<sup>,</sup> I, Sir Thomas Brown,

## Westminster Abbey

mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the winds shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the fox-glove hand its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name passes from recollection; his history is a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

# Musical Power



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# **Dusical** Power

Vigar and excellence of description are largely dependent upon phrasal power but another vital element in description is the musical quality of the words and phrases that are used. Earlier in the course, a study was made of the framework of poetry and the student learned the principal facts of versification. The division by regularly recurring accents of verses into feet was noticed and the names of the most important meters were mas-It was seen how much beauty was added to the poem by the regularity of its structure. Rhymes of various kinds were another element that appealed to the ear and gave so pleasing an effect to the lines that their significance became The duplication of similar consonant sounds at the beginning of words in the same line constituted alliteration and a succession of similar vowels, called assonance, was a fourth quality that gave pleasure to the ear. But were the meter, aided even as it is by rhyme, alliteration, and assonance, the only musical qualities possessed by verse it would become dull and monotonous indeed.

Meter forms a basis or foundation upon which is built a rhythmical structure that is difficult to analyze and the laws of which are impossible to determine but which is really the richest quality

#### Ausical Dower

in the composite melody. It is a difficult matter to describe this rhythm, as it may be called in distinction from meter, which consists of nothing but the regular accentuation of certain syllables.

Perhaps it may be understood by recurring to the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. The meter is iambic pentameter and the first four lines would be scanned as follows:

"Thou still | unrav | ished bride | of qui | et ness!

Thou fos | ter-child | of Si | lence and | slow

Time,

Sylvan | histo | rian who | canst thus | express A flow | ery tale | more sweet | ly than | our rhyme:"

The first line is perfectly regular except that in speech the word quietness does not have on the last syllable the accent required for perfect meter. The next line is perfect except for the accent required by and which, as a conjunction, should in reading have no emphasis. But the third line is far from following the metrical plan. Sylvan, the first word, is a trochaic foot as the accent falls on the first syllable. The next foot is an iambus but in order that the third foot be iambic the last two syllables of historian must be pronounced as one, ryan, and who must be accented. In the fourth verse the second foot is made iambic by the elision of e so that the first two feet read A flow' | 'ry tale'. the same line also the word than is not important

#### Musical Dower

enough to justify an emphasis. From this it is evident that a rigid adherence to metrical rules would entirely destroy the music of these four beautiful verses.

The rise and fall of the skilled reader's voice and his management of pauses as he reads would bring to the ear the flowing cadences of the lines. The units of speech are recognized to be these:

Thou still | unravished bride | of quietness!

Thou foster-child | of Silence | and slow Time,
Sylvan historian | who canst thus | express

A flowery tale | more sweetly | than our rhyme.

In each line there are one or two rhetorical pauses that coincide with the feet but most of them are wholly independent. The cadence which is the soul of rhythm is a lowering or falling of the voice quite different from the stress which marks an accent. In the third line the voice rises through Sylvan historian, is held in suspense for a fraction of a second; it moves along through the line with a slight pause after thus, and then passes lightly over the word tale, where there is a decided cadence not repeated till the word rhyme is uttered, though a slight cadence is noted with the word sweetly. This complicated system of inflections is the real rhythm of the verses and the distinctive feature of musical poetry.

When the cadences correspond with the met-

#### Musical Power

rical divisions a very artificial style results and one is sensible of the disagreeable monotony that characterizes the poet who works by rule.

"A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
"Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be!"

These two lines from Pope show how mechanical and lifeless perfectly metrical poetry can be if it lacks the beauty of an overlying rhythm.

This musical characteristic of verse is hard to define and difficult to explain and often it seems to defy analysis, for besides the cadences which are easily recognized there appear successive melodious combinations and sequences of sound that the words themselves have furnished and that seem to have been put into place by a skill little less than magical. It is a skill that is peculiar to the person, a trait of his own originality, one that can never be successfully imitated by another.

If the rhythm transcends the meter and overpowers it entirely, prose instead of poetry is the result. Prose may be rhythmical and musical and whenever the emotion of the speaker or writer increases, his utterance will become more musical and rhythmical. The peroration of Webster's Reply to Hayne which was studied in an earlier number furnishes an excellent example of most musical prose. The lines have a rhythm so pronounced as to equal that of poetry, though being freed from all trammels of perfect regularity it is

#### Musical Dower

in no sense metrical. Frequently there are in prose a few successive words that might be scanned and found to approximate the regularity of poetry but this is a weakness unless some particular purpose is subserved by it. In *The Cricket on the Hearth* are passages of metrical form and in at least one instance rhymes appear at regular intervals. Can you find the passage? Do you think it is in good taste in this particular instance?

Now take the last five verses of the Ode on a Grecian Urn and after scanning the lines see how completely, in one line at least, the metrical plan was violated. In reading aloud these five lines, are you satisfied that the meter should be made so subservient? Are the lines musical in spite of the broken meter? Is the return to the regular meter in the last line agreeable to the ear? Do you think Keats was too daring in his abandonment of the regularity of his iambics? Take the other poems of this number and find other passages of rhythmical power in which the meter is varied from the regular scheme. Find examples of rhythmical prose such as this which is quoted from The Widow and her Son:

"But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life is at best but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her

#### Musical Dower

years;— these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation."

That this passage is rhythmical as it stands you can readily ascertain by transposing the phrases into different order so that the cadences are differently arranged and the sounds follow in changed succession. That a portion of music rests in the words themselves you can determine by substituting synonyms for many words in the passage. When these changes are effected you will perceive by contrast some of Irving's musical power.

Turn to Lamb's *Dream Children* among the Essays and note the beautiful rhythmical passage with which he closes. Can you change the position of a single word, can you substitute a single synonym without marring the charming flow of the cadences, the delicate perfection of the music?

The psalms of scripture are musical because of their rhythmical structure and the peculiarly sonorous words in which they are couched. In translation they have lost but little and the reader still delights in their solemn regularity. The wealth of imagery adds to their charm but the grand march of their melodious phrases is one of the chief sources of their power. In the *Ninety-first Psalm* a simple metrical scheme shows itself, so regular is the rhythm, but it is not subject to the rules that govern English poetry. This psalm should be read aloud till the elements of its musical power are all understood.

## Ausical Dower

The student should read aloud many of the numerous poems of the course, and decide which are to him the most agreeable to the ear, the most musical. These he should study till he determines the secret of their power. Which musical element predominates? Which is relegated to the background? Next he should select all the specimens from one author and read them together, trying to determine the personal peculiarities of that Then he should compare one author author. with another to see how differently two writers will achieve the same result. Of the poets, who has best mastered the secrets of agreeable and harmonious meter? Whose rhymes are the most pleasing? Who uses alliteration the most artfully? Who has the deftest use of assonance? Who has given the most musical rhythm? Who has chosen the most musical and harmonious words? prose who writes the most rhythmically? Does the rhythm become tedious in any case? Can you learn to distinguish the writings of one author from those of another because of their musical peculiarities? Do you find many examples of rhythmical prose in plain description?

Of the literary powers so far mentioned which is of prime importance and universal in perfect composition? Will musical power lend strength to phrasal power? Why? Is phrasal power essential to great descriptive power? Why?

# Three Psalms

Are these psalms marked by unity? What is the prime motive of each? Can you find powerful descriptive passages in them? What felicitous phrases can you find? What powerful phrases? What passages of superior musical power? Is the chief characteristic of each its beauty, its musical quality, or the solemn grandeur of its thought?

#### PSALM 91

- 1. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
- 2. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust.
- 3. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
- 4. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
- 5. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
  - 6. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in

## The Minety=Arst Psalm

darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

- 7. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.
- 8. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.
- Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.
- 10. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
- 11. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
- 12. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
- 13. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.
- 14. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
- 15. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.
- 16. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

## The One Bundred Third Psalm

#### PSALM 103

- 1. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.
- 2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
- 3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
- 4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
- 5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
- 6. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.
- 7. He made known his way unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.
- 8. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
- 9. He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.
- 10. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
- 11. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

## The One Bundred Third Psalm

- 12. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
- 13. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
- 14. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.
- 15. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
- 16. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.
- 17. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;
- 18. To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.
- 19. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.
- 20. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
- 21. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
- 22. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his domain; bless the Lord, O my soul.

## The Twenty=third Psalm

## PSALM 23

- 1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
- 2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
- 3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
- 4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
- 5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
- 6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

## The vale of Avoca

#### THOMAS MOORE

- There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
- As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
- O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
- Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
- Her purest of crystal and brightest of green; 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, O, no! it was something more exquisite still.
- 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
- Who made every scene of enchantment more dear,
- And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
- When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
- Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
- Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
- And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

# Twickenbam Ferry

#### THEOPHILE MARZIALS

- "Ahoy! and Oho! and it's who's for the ferry?"
  - (The brier's in bud and the sun going down;)
- "And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
  - And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town."
  - The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young,
  - With just a soft tang in the turn of his tongue;
  - And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
  - And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.
- "Ahoy! and Oho! and it's I'm for the ferry;"

  (The brier's in bud and the sun going down;)
- "And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny:
  Oh, how can I get me to Twickenham
  Town?"

## Twickenbam Ferry

- She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet
- As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
- With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry
- "And sure but you're welcome to Twickenham Town."
- "Ahoy! and Oho!—" You're too late for the ferry;
  - (The brier's in bud and the sun has gone down;)
  - And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady,—
  - It seems quite a journey to Twickenham Town.
- "Ahoy! and Oho!" you may call as you will:
  - The young moon is rising o'er Petersham Hill;
  - And with Love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
  - There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.

# To Sleep

#### WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure
sky:

I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees, And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay, And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth: So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth? Come, blesséd barrier between day and day, Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!



In Part One of this course much space was given to character-studies from fiction both in prose and poetry. In the study of Macbeth the subject was treated at still greater length. both cases it was urged that the student should work until he mastered the portraval the author So many persons read with little appreciation that it has been felt that too much space could not be given to this phase of the course. If the student has been faithful in his work he cannot help seeing how great a power is this by which an author can create for us a living personality, as real as our recollection of the friends we have known in former days. Are not Ernest, Sir Roger de Coverley, Enoch Arden, Lady Macbeth and her guilty husband, John Peerybingle and Caleb Plummer real persons? Do you know any one in the absolute purity and sincerity of whose conduct you have the confidence you feel in Ernest? Have you ever been the witness of a selfsacrificing act that moved you so strongly as did Enoch's renunciation of his wife? If you saw such an act would it strike you as deeply as Tennyson did with his sympathetic description? Have you ever had such an opportunity to study the destruction of character that comes with

wrong doing as Shakespeare has given you in Macbeth? Can you in actual life be with a person in a great moral crisis as you sat out the night with John Peerybingle?

Unity is essential to all good prose and poetry and the power to give it is the fundamental power that every author must have. But no power is so great as the power of drawing characters, of giving to the creations of fancy that verity that makes them individual and real. In the novel and the drama this power is seen at its highest and yet it is not every novelist that can boast the ability to create original characters. If you reflect on the fiction you have read you will realize how many of its characters have been vague and elusive, how often they left no impression as distinct personalities and how they faded from your recollection almost as soon as the covers closed over the last pages of the book. Then again, a few words, a brief appearance before you and your acquaintance has been enlarged, you have added a friend to your list or have learned to detest an ignoble char-Shakespeare creates a Hamlet, George Eliot a Tito Melema: Hamlet becomes a life-long subject for your sympathy, Tito stands the eternal type of decaying character.

Thus to create is certainly the noblest of literary powers, for the writer by the one act stirs your emotions, stimulates your thought, inspires you to realize higher ideals. To aid himself in doing

this he summons all his other powers and puts them into active service.

In order that he may successfully draw character he must know it. He must know it in general Does he wish to draw an Ernest? and in detail. He must know the type as a possibility, he must conceive a man of that type, and then must make that man Ernest, distinct from every other man of the type; must give him stature, features, manners, habits all in harmony; must know how Ernest would think and act under all circumstances. He must not allow the melancholy weakness of a Hamlet to creep into the personality nor can he conceive him to be tempted by the spirits that lead a Macbeth to ruin. Distinct, consistent, genuine, the character must stand. To accomplish this the persons must be very real to the author. He must see his characters one by one before him and must enter into their lives in a fuller sense than it is possible for us to interpret our nearest relatives, our most intimate friends. No one can doubt that Tennyson felt the grief of Enoch Arden or that Dickens rejoiced in the victory of the Old Carrier.

In his preface to *David Copperfield*, Dickens tells in the following manner what were his relations to his characters during the long period in which he was creating them.

"It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the

close of a two-years' imaginative task; or how an author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of the creatures of his brain are going from him forever. Yet I had nothing else to tell; unless, indeed, I were to confess (which might be of less moment still) that no one can ever believe this narrative, in the reading, more than I believed it in the writing.

"So true are these avowals at the present day, that I can now only take the reader into one confidence more. Of all my books, I like this best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child. And his name is DAVID COPPERFIELD."

If these people of the imagination are so real, then, doubtless, the created often sways the creator and an author finds his characters acting as he did not at first expect they would and developing tendencies that he did not at first realize, but which are inevitable under the changing conditions.

Having conceived his characters the author must portray them in such a way that they will attract the reader's attention, will absorb his interest and finally will make such vivid impressions that they cannot be effaced. To do this he has nothing at his command but words. How he

accomplishes the feat he may not be able to tell. By what magical handling of picturesque phrases or by what artful grouping of melodious words he attracts our attention we cannot say, for frequently the language of his description and the conversation of his characters are both plain and simple. But reach our minds and hearts he does, and usually by some impalpable, sympathetic relation rather than by close and studied analysis and clear and definite exposition. He causes us to leap to our conception of his creation by the same magic that gave him his first idea. infrequently of recent years, characters are displayed with an intellectual keenness of analysis that surprises us, and their trials and even the inner workings of their minds are set forth with a cold realism that impresses us strongly but leaves with us no abiding conception of the reality of the being so dissected. We cannot make a friend of a cadaver.

The method which we most approve may be too greatly exaggerated and an author may see only peculiar and striking traits so that he produces caricatures instead of real characters. Tackleton is a caricature, for Dickens has given us but one or two of his salient characteristics and has repeated them until the man stands for the one thing, though in this particular instance Tackleton reveals an unexpected something at the very last. Is it reasonable that such a man as Tack-

leton should at his age so suddenly metamorphose himself? Or, has Dickens been careless in his interpretations and sacrificed probability to give a pleasant conclusion to the tale? Tilly Slowboy, the Baby's erratic nurse, is an amusing instance of a habit Dickens has of embodying in the name of a person one of the salient traits of his character.

In Irving's sketch, *The Widow*, he portrays a type, not a person. No distinct impression of the particular English widow remains with the reader. He is sensible of the pathos of the picture, sympathizes with an aged, poor, and afflicted person whose deep religious character he feels, but the mother of George Somers is but one of many widows, all poor, suffering, and pious. Such a description of a type though common enough with many writers of pretentious fiction is not real character-drawing. It is not difficult to recognize types and to describe them but to draw a living person of that type is a work of genius.

The power to apprehend characters even when well drawn varies greatly and it often happens that the individuality of the reader makes him peculiarly susceptible to certain types. So true is this that one hesitates to say what shall be the rules of interpretation. But if each reader will give play to his own feelings and note what he admires, his judgment will be accurate so far as he is concerned. His appreciation of certain

characters will vary from year to year, as Little Red Riding-hood gives way to Evangeline. He should be independent in his judgments and belief, for every one reads for himself and to-day may gain help and inspiration from what is tomorrow cold and dead.

The student should go back over the numbers of this course and, making a list of the character portravals, should determine which are the most powerfully drawn, which the clearest, which the most natural and lifelike, which the most helpful and inspiring. Then let him compare the women of the different authors, the men, the children. On the whole which author possesses in the highest degree the power of drawing character? Does any writer bring into his narrative characters that seem to have no special function in the story and who are meant to be forgotten? Compare as a review all the detailed studies into character that have been made in the course and estimate the relative use of action, description, and conversation in the creation of those characters. the study of this power of these authors has been completed the student should write an essay in which he discusses in a logical manner the results of his reading.

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# Emotional Power

Much of *The Bible* is the highest, truest literature. It is universal in its application, it has stood the test of time and has proved its power to inspire and refine mankind, no matter what the rank or condition. Take for example the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians:

- 1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
- 2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.
- 3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.
- 4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
- 5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

#### Emotional Dower

- 6. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
- 7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.
- 8. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.
- 9. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.
- 10. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.
- II. When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things.
- 12. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.
- 13. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Barring for the present all thoughts of divine inspiration, let us look at this as though it had been written by some man of to-day. Charity means love, love in its broad sense, love universal.



#### Emotional Dower

Was the man who wrote the chapter sincere? Was he in earnest? Were his emotions profoundly stirred by contemplation of this human trait? Did he really believe that though he spake with the tongues of men and of angels and had not love in his soul his words were like the sounding of brazen instruments and the tinkling of cymbals? Could a man insincere, a man whose soul was not instinct with admiration for charity, describe it so thrillingly as this:

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

The man who could so write must be of refined and delicate sensibilities, deeply moved by moral perfection and himself anxious to achieve it. In no other way could he write so as to move us as these lines do. It is this emotional intensity that gives vitality to so much of the Bible. In some of the psalms, the *Twenty-third* for instance, the singer is moved out of his own being and sings as one inspired.

Shakespeare also felt with similar intensity when he wrote, and those powerful phrases to which attention was called before, sprang into being when





his own soul was stirred by his ethical emotions. In Lycidas, the student will remember, Milton wrote calmly of the death of King, seeming to feel but little sense of personal loss. His lines were beautiful but they seemed cold and to us a trifle unfeeling. But when he thought of the church in which King might have been a noble leader and remembered the hideous laxity of

"such as for their bellies' sake Creep and intrude and climb into the fold"

and "shove away the worthy bidden guest," his fiery indignation was aroused and that passage burns with an intensity that casts into deep shade the rest of his elegy. Again, in In Memoriam, Tennyson is moved by personal grief. His heart mourns the loss of his dearest friend and sadness seems to overpower him, but frequently the very intensity of his sorrow rouses deeper emotions, and we see that the man is keenly alive with admiration for moral excellence and is swayed by a deep feeling that takes hold upon the most profound problems of human existence. We have no doubt of his sincerity, we know that he was intensely in earnest as he strove with these great abstract questions.

Shelley had no real intimate acquaintance with Keats, but Keats embodied for him the poetic principle, and the criticism that Shelley believed had hastened the end of the frail genius was the



personification of injustice. So, when injustice assailed poetry he was moved to write *Adonais* and the wealth of praise for Keats and the bitterness of the scorn he heaped upon the reviewers leave no room to doubt the perfect sincerity of his feelings.

In all these cases it is the emotional intensity of the poet's mind, combined with the literary aptitude manifesting itself in the other powers recently discussed, that has made his work capable of arousing similar emotions in us. Had he ever lacked in true feeling himself we might have been conscious of the mechanical perfection of his lines but would have felt no responsive thrill.

Recur now to these poems, to Lycidas, In Memoriam, and Adonais and read them to see which passages mark the highest flow of feeling in the author, which most deeply touch the heart. Compare these selections from the three authors and see if there is any similarity in the causes that incited the emotions.

Consider again the Ode on a Grecian Urn. Was the emotion which caused Keats to write this poem bred by strong moral conviction? Do you feel that he is thrilled by a love for mankind, by indignation against a wrongdoer, by devotion to a noble cause? He speaks of truth and beauty, but which is with him the moving cause of the poem? Was not his esthetic sense aroused by

the graceful outlines of the urn and the quaint pictures on its rounded sides? Did not the pipes suggest to him beautiful melodies that lulled his spirit to rest? And was it not, then, his admiration for the beautiful that made him see it as the true?

You remember Wordsworth's Daffodils. again it was the golden beauty of the myriad flowers that caught the poet's fancy and impelled him to write. When the thought recurred to him in his solitude it was his esthetic sense that was charmed and there was in the vision no suggestion of high moral import. Wordsworth's senses were keenly alive to the beauties in nature and to them his emotions responded. In Burns, you saw the sympathetic soul touched by the suffering of the wee mouse whose rough little house he destroyed, and by the useless sacrifice of the dainty daisy that met him in that evil hour. Sensitive to every thing about him, the pathos of misfortune always moved him to write but rarely caused him to act as he felt. He could leave his family in abject suffering while weeping over the fancied misfortune of some one else, yet the reality of his emotions, shallow though they were, made his Bryant's sensibilities were as lyrics immortal. keenly alive to beauty in nature as were Wordsworth's but the religious convictions of the former were deeper and the wandering waterfowl brought to him loving trust in the kindly guidance of that

Power that could direct through the desert and illimitable air the flight of that lone bird.

It is the depth and genuineness of the emotions of the writers that give them the power to make their imaginary characters so real, but in general prose writing does not offer the best opportunity for the expression of either ethical or esthetic feeling. In Webster's Reply to Hayne you remember that the first part of the oration is devoted to his personal response to the charges and insinuations of his opponent but in that section he does not seem to be deeply moved. His intellect is keenly alive and he demolishes the fabric of Hayne's eloquence with a precision and certainty of rejoinder that leave us no doubt that he knew himself superior and felt no fear of the result. is not until he pleads for the Union that his genuine feeling finds vent in phrases so strong and eloquent that they imbed themselves in our memory forever. It was the emotional intensity, the strong conviction in the absolute truth of his utterances that made Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech A man may be eloquent and the immortal. master of polished diction and of graceful delivery but if his soul is not in his words, if he is not absolutely true to his convictions, if he speaks because he can and not because he must, the hollowness of his utterance is easily detected.

Johnson says, "The truly divine emotion is love, and with it come all the others: reverence,

pity, indignation, unselfishness, enthusiasm for humanity, long-suffering."

Strong emotions and deep convictions alone will not make a writer nor a speaker. The other literary powers must be combined in the person before his work can take rank with the best. Such a union of parts in one individual is of necessity rare and the union is in such varying proportions that the range of individuality is Any given age can produce but few infinite. masters and no two will be alike. One writer throws his influence over another but the copvist fails. Unless a man writes from the power within him and shapes his work by the dictation of his own soul no possibility of success can be his. And no man can do his best literary work on order or for pay. Once done, his work may be in demand and may command good pay but to write deliberately for dollars, to sell one's time and genius, is to waste the one and destroy the other. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote charming verse and could produce quantities of happy jingling lines on almost any occasion but no one considers these poems of occasion to be great The magazines are full of clever articles on every imaginable subject and the book stalls are filled with books that sell because they are correctly written and are entertaining but it is rarely indeed that a Recessional appears in a magazine or a new Romola graces the counters at a bookstore.

A good student of literature must possess to a certain degree the emotional intensity that characterizes the author. He must be alive to the beauties of the composition and must be sensitive to nobility and truth wherever found. genuine reader is not afraid to give his imagination play and to allow his emotions to be stirred. There is no disgrace in feeling what one reads, and it is only by believing in the reality of literature and receiving gratefully the inspiration it offers that one can hope to find profit in his study. This whole number of the course is prepared with the view of showing how real, how great and how difficult of attainment are the qualities which make the immortal author, because it is hoped that in so doing the student will be shown how worthy of study great literature is and how much he must look for if he expects to gain all that the study can give him.

# The Petrified Fern

MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushestall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man ere trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way.
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one day put on a frolic mood,

Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty

motion

Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean; Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,

#### The Petrified Fern

Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,—Covered it, and hid it safe away.

O, the long, long centuries since that day!

O, the changes! O, life's bitter cost,

Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man Searching nature's secrets far and deep; From a fissure in a rocky steep, He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran Fairy pencilings, a quaint design, Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine And the fern's life lay in every line! So, I think, God hides some souls away, Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

# Over the River

#### NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST

Over the river, they becken to me,

Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;

The gleams of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the darkling tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;

#### Over the River

Over the river, the mystic river, My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale:
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye. We may not sunder the veil apart

That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more

May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea:
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar:
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

# Indirection

#### RICHARD REALF

- Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
- Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
- Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
- And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.
- Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
- Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
- Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
- Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mighty seer hath foretold him.
- Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
- Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
- Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;

#### Indirection

- Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.
- Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
- Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
- Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
- Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.
- Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
- The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
- And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
- Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

#### Studies

Now select a dozen passages that show great emotional power. Classify them as being inspired by love of the good and the true or as coming from an admiration of the beautiful. They are the things you have felt, that have moved you out of the beaten path of your own thought, that have excited your sensibilities, have aroused your sympathy or indignation. When you have selected them and placed them together study them with painstaking care and see what of the other literary powers you can detect in them. Can you see that the other literary powers aid in expression merely while this is the fundamental cause of the writing?

Select other passages for comparison and see wherein the powerful differ from the weak. Get a few papers and magazines and study their verses and stories. Do they lack in any powers? Can you find instances where the writer is evidently strongly moved but, by a weakness of the other powers, fails to move you? Some obituary poetry is ridiculous though the writer is undoubtedly as sincere in his grief as was Tennyson over the death of Arthur Hallam. Can you find pieces that have unity but lack descriptive power? Can you find felicitous phrases where there is a lack

#### Studies

of unity, or verses that lack rhythm or music? Can you not see from this study how great real literature is and how worse than wasted is the time spent upon that which is not great?

We have now considered the six great literary powers, the real elements of beauty and strength in an author's work. They are:

- I. Unity, the power that gives coherence and a sense of integrity and oneness to every production.
- II. DESCRIPTIVE OF PICTORIAL POWER, by which we are brought to see clearly and vividly the pictures that abound in a writer's mind.
- III. PHRASAL POWER, in the exercise of which the author catches our fancy and impresses his ideas by dexterous, felicitous, or powerful combinations of words.
- IV. MUSICAL POWER, which charms our ears with melodious words and rhythmical arrangement.
- V. Power of Drawing Character, whose exercise gives to the airy creations of the imagination a personality and a reality as distinct and perfect as though we knew the characters living in the world.
- VI. EMOTIONAL POWER, that makes the writer's productions seem strong and true; that arouses in us the same feelings that actuate the man who pens the lines.

#### Studies

In our reading let our senses be alert to recognize evidences of the exercise of these powers and if they seem to be lacking in any considerable degree let us decide that the matter is not literature worthy our perusal. When we find any of these powers present to a marked degree let us decide that in so far as he excels in any, an author is worthy of esteem, and if perchance they all characterize his work we shall know that we are reading the work of a master.

# Character and Personality of the Author

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# The Character and Personality of the Author

What kind of man was Dickens? What were some of the traits of his real character? The question often forces itself upon us as we are reading and finally we learn to recognize certain characteristics that are essentially Dickens. Cricket on the Hearth is not sufficient for us to form a very comprehensive idea of the man but it will certainly throw some side-lights on his character. We are no longer concerned as we have been through the earlier pages of this book with the manner of his presentation nor with the evidence he gives of possessing the literary powers. What we want now is to see the man through his work, the personality that lies back of the written words. We must expect no overt declaration of his faith, opinion, or belief to show us what we wish to know, for our experience in life has taught us that a man may profess much and may act in ways opposed to both profession and belief. In forming our estimate we may safely disregard what he says of himself, nor is it wise for us to rely upon what is said by the characters he draws. Tackleton is selfish, gruff, and brutal in his instincts and his conversation shows it. He would "Scrunch the Cricket." But we have

no right to infer that Dickens was like him or that he approved of such men even though he never actually criticises Tackleton. But from the outcome of the story, the disappointment of the selfish toy-merchant and his retirement into partial obscurity and disgrace, we may infer that Dickens disapproved of him and if we find that similar characters in all of Dickens's stories meet with a like punishment we may safely decide that Dickens believed in generosity and sympathy.

The Cricket is to Dickens the spirit of Home, the incarnation of love and happiness. In one place he says, "That Genius of his Hearth and Home (for such the Cricket was) came out in fairy shape, into the room, and summoned many forms of Home about him. . . . The Carrier's heart grew light and happy and he thanked his Household Gods with all his might and cared no more for Gruff and Tackleton." The Cricket chirped as John reversed his gun to beat the stock upon the door; through the long night the Cricket stood beside him in fairy shape, and in the morning the "staunch Cricket on the Hearth, the loyal Household Fairies" enabled the Carrier to say, "I sat upon that hearth, last night, all night. On the spot where she has often sat beside me with her sweet face looking into mine. And upon my soul she is innocent if there is one to judge the innocent and the guilty." When the blind girl had learned all the generous decep-

tion her father had practiced and felt so helpless and alone, "she had been but a short time in this passion of regret when the Cricket on the Hearth, unheard by all but her, began to chirp. Not merrily, but in a low, faint, sorrowing way. It was so mournful that her tears began to flow; and when the Presence which had been beside the Carrier all night appeared behind her, pointing to her father they fell down like rain. She heard the Cricket-voice more plainly soon and was conscious through her blindness of the Presence hovering about her father."

After May had deserted him, Tackleton says, "Friends, one and all, my house is very lonely to-night. I have not so much as a Cricket on my Hearth. I have scared them all away." In the rollicking dance that follows the wedding, "Hark! how the Cricket joins the music with its Chirp, Chirp, Chirp!" And finally when the story is done and Dot and all the rest have vanished into air leaving Dickens alone, "A Cricket sings upon the Hearth." Frequently by actual statement and by delicate allusions not noted here Dickens keeps the Cricket in the foreground and makes its helpful influence felt everywhere.

What are we at liberty to infer from this? That a cricket on the hearth brings peace and loving kindness to a home? That there are household fairies and that they actually appear to

human beings? That a real Presence may stand beside a man and plead for mercy and forgiveness? That a home may be desolate because no Cricket sings upon the hearth? Not at all. The introduction of the Cricket is but a part of Dickens's art, a scheme by which he enlists our sympathies and touches our feelings. What we may see, is that Dickens is a man who believes in domestic happiness, in the purity of woman, and the love of parents for each other and for their children. He is no doubter without faith in humanity, no cynic who thinks the home but a matter of convenience, no pessimist who believes that all is wrong with the world.

What does Franklin show of himself in the Almanac? What traits of character does Burns exhibit in The Cotter's Saturday Night? What can you believe of Irving from The Widow and Her Son? Before you attempt to answer the three preceding questions, read the selections mentioned, then write your opinions on each and to prove their accuracy, buttress your statements with quotations.

You now perceive how it is that an author manifests his personality, how his character shines through his writings. But you have seen that this is true in varying degrees, some writers concealing their feelings and masking behind their words, and others throwing their sacred souls open to our inspection.

In Memoriam tells not only what Tennyson meant us to know but also what he thought, what he was. Taken together these manifestations of his personal character give us what has been called the "writer's philosophy." Not his scheme of thinking, not his plan for the universe and its workings, but his idea of the world as it should be, tinctured by the world as it is. This philosophy which it is quite possible he never recognized as his own nor meant to present to us as his, has come to him from his inborn peculiarities modified by his education and the experiences through which he has passed. The influences which have molded his character have shaped his philosophy and what he is has expressed itself quite beyond his own will in the words he has written for another purpose.

The study of this elusive characteristic of literature is one of the most fascinating forms of criticism and one of the best by which to form keenness of appreciation and correctness of interpretation.

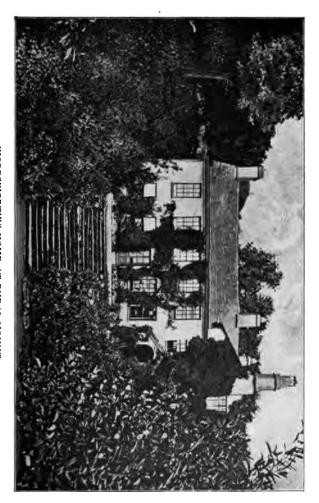
The function of this course is to open a way for a deeper study by indicating what may be done, but it must be left to you to push your inquiries deeper and to continue your studies beyond this limited range if you would feel any confidence in the breadth of your inquiries or the justice of your judgment.

# Rydal Mount

# MARIA JANE JEWSBURY

Low and white, yet scarcely seen, Are its walls for mantling green; Not a window lets in light But through flowers clustering bright; Not a glance may wander there But it falls on something fair: Garden choice and fairy mound, Only that no elves are found: Winding walk and sheltered nook. For student grave and graver book; Or a bird-like bower perchance, Fit for maiden and romance. Then far off, a glorious sheen Of wide and sunlit waters seen: Hills that in the distance lie Blue and yielding as the sky: And nearer, closing round the nest. The home, — of all the "living crest."— Other rocks and mountains stand Rugged, yet a guardian band, Like those that did in fable old Elysium from the world enfold.

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WORDSWORTH'S HOME AT RYDAL MOUNT



# Benjamin Franklin

1706-1790

Franklin was the greatest man of colonial and revolutionary times. It is rarely in the history of the world that one achieves distinction in so many different lines as did this son of a poor New England tallow-chandler. He was a scientist, and his discoveries in electricity are still the foundation of modern knowledge in that subject; he was an inventor, and the lightning-rod, a printing press and a stove are among the common things to which he turned his genius; as a writer, he stands among the foremost of his nation; as an exponent of practical domestic and governmental economy not only did he influence his own generation but by his maxims and wise advice he still urges the world to right habits in living; a statesman and a diplomat, he conducted the most delicate negotiations with foreign powers in so skilful a manner as to win their admiration and the veneration of his countrymen. Franklin stood among the greatest as a statesman, as an author and as a man of science. No other American can lay claim to such leadership in more than one of these directions.

It is difficult to consider any one power of this truly many-sided man. Our chief interest is in him as a writer but it is not so much his style as it is

# Benjamin Franklin

the man Franklin that makes his writings valuable. His Autobiography is so clear, so pointed, and rings so true that few other narratives may be compared with it. Yet there is no attempt at fine writing and little play of the imagination. He has a message and he delivers it effectively. is pungent, always at hand, and his sentences are never cumbered with unnecessary words. this as well as his other writings are valuable chiefly for the thought that is in them. They are teaching all the time. By quoting at length his Autobiography we may be able to give some idea of the man's early life, the simplicity of his style, and his remarkable wisdom in common everyday affairs. He writes as follows:

My father married young, and carried his wife, with three children, to New England about 1685. The conventicles being at that time forbidden by law and frequently disturbed in the meetings, some considerable men of his acquaintance determined to go to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy the exercise of their religion with freedom. By the same wife my father had four children more born there, and by a second ten others—in all seventeen; of whom I remember to have seen thirteen sitting together at his table, who all grew up to years of maturity and were

# Autobiography

married. I was the youngest son and the youngest of all the children except two daughters. I was born in Boston, in New England.

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me as the tithe of his sons to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read, which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read, and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his.

I continued, however, at the grammar school rather less than a year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be at the head of the same class, and was removed into the next class, whence I was to be placed in the third at the end of the year.

But my father, burdened with a numerous family, was unable, without inconvenience, to support the expense of a college education. Considering, moreover, as he said to one of his friends in my presence, the little encouragement that line of life afforded to those

## Benjamin Franklin

educated for it, he gave up his first intentions, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownwell. He was a skillful master and succeeded in his profession, employing the mildest and most encouraging methods. Under him I learned to write a good hand pretty soon, but I failed entirely in arithmetic. At ten years old I was taken to help my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler: a business to which he was not bred, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, because he found that his dyeing trade, being in little request, would not maintain his family. Accordingly I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade and had a strong inclination to go to sea, but my father declared against it. But residing near the water I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well and to manage boats, and when embarked with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance,

#### Autobiography

as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted. a salt marsh which bounded part of the millpond on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which had formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers; and though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me that that which was not honest could not be truly useful.

From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in the purchasing of books.

## Benjamin Franklin

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, although he had already one son, James, of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England, with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded and signed the indenture when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve an apprenticeship till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made a great progress in the business and became a useful hand to my brother. now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one. which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber reading the greatest part of the night when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing.

After some time a merchant, an ingenious,

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sensible man, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, frequented our printing-office, took notice of me, and invited me to see his library and very kindly proposed to loan me such books as I chose to read. now took a strong inclination for poetry and wrote some little pieces. My brother, supposing it might turn to account, encouraged me and induced me to compose two occasional . . . The first sold prodigiously. This success flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by criticising my performances and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. Thus I escaped being a poet, and probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing had been of great use to me in the course of my life and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how in such a situation I acquired what little ability I may be supposed to have in that wav.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument and very desirous of confuting one another; which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the con-

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tradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice, and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, it is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities, with those who may have occasion for friendship. caught this by reading my father's books of dispute on religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and generally men of all sorts who have been bred at Edinburgh. . . . At this time I met with an odd volume of the Spectator. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before. in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have

# Autobiography

acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different length to suit the measure or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales in the Spectator and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them: but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted for writing exercises and for reading was at night,

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or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which I still continued to consider a duty, though I could not afford time to practice it.

When about sixteen years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother being yet unmarried did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconvenience, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty-pudding and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that if he would give me weekly half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying of books; but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I re-

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mained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was often no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry cook's, and a glass of water), had the rest of the time till their return for study; in which I made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking. Now it was that (being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed learning when at school) I took Cocker's book on Arithmetic, and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease.

. . . . . . . . .

While I was intent on improving my language I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), having at the end of it two little sketches on the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*, wherein there are many examples of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradictions and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer. And being then, from reading Shaftes-

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bury and Collins, made a doubter, as I already was in many points of our religious doctrines, I found this method the safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took delight in it, practiced it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people even of superior knowledge into concessions the consequence of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence. never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words certainly, undoubtedly, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; It appears to me, or, I should not think it, so or so, for such and such reasons; or, I imagine it to be so; or, It is so, if I am not This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting. And as the chief

### Autobiography

ends of conversation are to inform or to be informed, to please or to persuade, I wish wellmeaning and sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive assuming manner that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat most of those purposes for which speech was given to us. In fact, if you wish to instruct others, a positive dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may occasion opposition and prevent a candid attention. If you desire instruction and improvement from others, you should not at the same time express yourself fixed in your present opinions. Modest and sensible men, who do not love disputation, will leave you undisturbed in the possession of your In adopting such a manner, you can seldom expect to please your hearers or obtain the concurrence you desire. Pope judiciously observes -

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not,

And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

He also commended it to us

"To speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

### Benjamin Franklin

Franklin's apprenticeship to his brother was not altogether pleasant. Misunderstandings arose, the elder brother was not altogether wise or merciful and Franklin's own spirit was an independent one. They quarreled, Benjamin was beaten and only the interposition of his father kept him from running away. The brother published a newspaper, The New England Courant, and because of his radical utterances therein was put in prison and finally prohibited from publishing his paper. To enable Benjamin to carry on the publication his brother released him from his apprenticeship. When they quarreled again Benjamin took advantage of this fact and declared himself independent.

I sold my books to raise a little money, was taken on board the sloop privately, had a fair wind, and in three days found myself at New York, near three hundred miles from my home, at the age of seventeen (October, 1723), without the least recommendation or knowledge of any person in the place, and very little money in my pocket.

The inclination I had had for the sea was by this time done away, or I might now have gratified it. But having another profession and conceiving myself a pretty good workman, I offered my services to a printer of the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had

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been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but had removed thence in consequence of a quarrel with the governor, George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do and hands enough already; but he said, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was one hundred miles further. I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, preventing our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking I reached through the water to his shock pate and drew him up, so that we got him in again. . . .

On approaching the island we found it was in a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surge on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor and swung out our cable toward the shore. Some people came down to the shore and hallooed to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high and the surge so loud that we could not un-

## Benjamin Franklin

derstand each other. There were some small boats near the shore, and we made signs and called to them to fetch us; but they either did not comprehend us or it was impracticable. Night approaching, we had so they went off. no remedy but to have patience till the wind abated, and in the meantime the boatmen and myself concluded to sleep if we could; and so we crowded into the hatches, where we joined the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray, breaking over the head of our boat, leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sailed on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish and went to bed; but having read somewhere that cold water drunk plentifully was good for fever, I followed the prescription and sweat plentifully most of the night. My fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to go to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

### Autobiography

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish I had never left home. I made so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway indentured servant and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and finding I had read a little, became very obliging and friendly. Our acquaintance continued all the rest of his life.

At his house I lay that night, and arrived the next morning at Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday. Wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought some gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She proposed to lodge me till a passage by some other boat occurred. I accepted her offer, being much fatigued by traveling on foot. Understanding I was a printer, she would have had me remain in that

# Benjamin Franklin

town and follow my business, being ignorant what stock was necessary to begin with. was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of oxcheek with great good-will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river. a boat came by, which I found was going toward Philadelphia with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it and would row no further; the others knew not where we were, so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on Sunday morning and landed at Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your

### Autobiography

mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty, from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I

### Benjamin Franklin

told him to give me threepenny worth of any He gave me accordingly three great I was surprised at the quantity. puffy rolls. but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eat-Thus I went up Market Street ing the other. as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and

### Autobiography

want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

# Benjamin Franklin

The Autobiography continues in the same interesting strain and it is hoped that students will seize the first opportunity to read the entire work which is too long for us to reproduce entire.

Franklin committed many errors in his life and not all his deeds can bear the light, but he made the most of himself and, judged by the standards of the time, he was a moral man. life was long and he lived to see the accomplishment of many of his own designs. For a year before his death he was confined to his bed and suffered keenly, bearing it all with patience and resignation, not unmindful of the fact that he was facing the inevitable and inclined to welcome the change. This one may judge by his having said that he had seen a great deal of this world and felt some growing curiosity to become acquainted with another. His last words, uttered in the paroxysms of his final suffering, were "A dying man can do nothing easily."

# Wasbington Trving

1783-1859

"Come to Sunnyside and I will give you a book and a tree." Such was Washington Irving's invitation to his friends and it was as hearty as it was picturesque. He was a man so generous, so considerate of others that his friends were as numerous as his acquaintances and the beautiful house at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, was the home of all who visited it.

His life was one of a thousand in its devotion to an early love. Martha Hoffman, daughter of a man with whom he studied law, was to be his wife, but after a brief and very painful illness she died leaving Irving almost distracted with grief. For the remainder of his life, he was unable without the greatest agitation to hear the mention of her name, and wherever he went he carried with him a few pathetic mementos of his love—her Bible, her prayer-book, a lock of her hair. This touching devotion did not make him a recluse though his natural shyness and reserve kept him from accepting many of the attentions that were offered him.

He was born in New York, and early manifested a love for books and reading, although at school he did not distinguish himself in mathematics, in which he had no interest. Much to his regret, he

### Washington Irving

had no schooling after he was sixteen. At that age he entered a law office and for many years his career was one of disappointment and privation. After the War of 1812 he was in England where he had gone to assist a brother in business. The war ruined their trade, and he was practically forced to take up his pen to earn a livelihood. Here he began his literary career and here he achieved his fame, for when he returned to America after seventeen years abroad he was among the most popular men of his day.

Subsequently he was appointed Minister to Spain and accepted this "crowning honor of his life" though he had frequently declined public office because he felt called to the profession of letters.

Abroad he made many noted friends; Byron praised him, Scott aided him and a host of men prominent in literature and politics, in Germany, Spain, and England spoke in glowing terms of his character and his writings.

The Sketch Book was his first great success and it contained both Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, the finest pieces of purely American literature that had been produced. Other works followed in quick succession for he was a rapid and indefatigable worker, often carrying his exertions to the point of breaking down his health which from childhood had been of the most delicate character. He wrote Tales of a

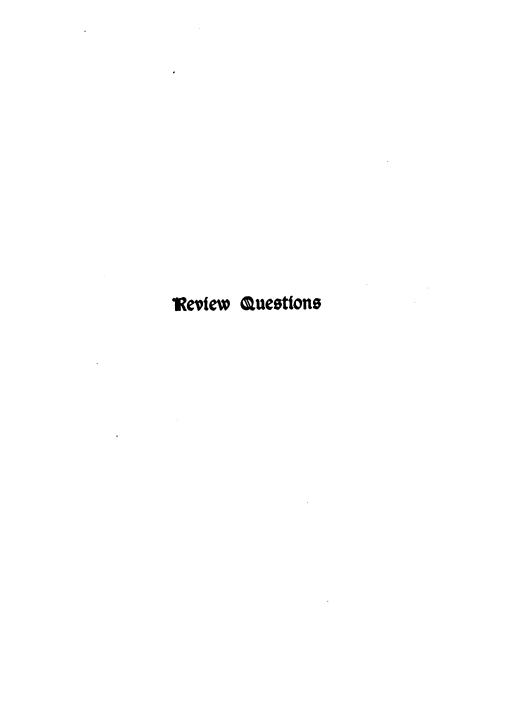
### Washington Irving

Traveler, as a result of his visit to Germany; The Life of Columbus was the occasion of a long residence in Spain where he produced also his charming stories of the Alhambra and the no less entertaining Moorish Chronicles.

The last and most ambitious work of his life was the Life of Washington. Perhaps the fact that he had been named for the great patriot and had as an infant received the blessings of his illustrious godfather served as a special inspiration. He was anxious to complete the work, often saying that he hoped to live till that was done. The fifth and last volume was written under great physical suffering and when the final words were penned he said: "I am getting ready to go; I am shutting up my doors and windows." The end he wished for then came soon; in fact, almost on the instant of his expression of a hope that it was not far off, he fell dying to the floor.

In the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in a little hedge-encircled lot among others of his family he lies, his resting place marked by a simple marble slab bearing the inscription:

> "Washington Irving Born April 3, 1783, Died November 28, 1859."





# Review Questions

- r. Does the poem Annabel Lee show great musical power? Does it show phrasal power?
- 2. Does the poem *The Reaper and the Flowers* show any power in drawing character? Is it marked by unity? Find a poem which shows power in drawing character. Find a different one which shows something of the author's personality.
- 3. Select and learn poetical quotations to the extent of at least twenty-five lines. Learn at least twenty lines of quotable prose.
- 4. Into what classes is poetry divided? What poem would you select as an illustration of each class?
- 5. What are the different kinds of lyrics? Give an example of each.
- 6. How did Franklin perfect his style in prose writing?
- 7. What does Franklin say in his Autobiography about the generosity of the man having little money?
- 8. What are the peculiar characteristics of the typical oration?
- 9. Do you find among the lyrics any poems which are in a sense narrative?
- seems to you to possess the greatest descriptive power?

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# To the Student

The remaining numbers of the course are devoted to a history of literature in England and America. The story of growth and development is told chronologically, and an effort is made to give to contemporary history enough space to show the causes that led to the conditions existing at the several epochs. Brevity and simplicity characterize the work, but it is thought a distinct personality has been given to each of the great writers.

It is not the intention to duplicate anything in the preceding numbers, and consequently the history contains selections from only those authors not previously discussed. In study it will be necessary to have the other numbers at hand, because the references to them are numerous and important. These references, if properly read, will make a complete chronological review of the fifteen numbers and will enable the student to arrange the ideas he has gained, compare different authors of the same epoch, and finally to fix systematically his knowledge of literature and its history.

Unless the fact of relationship between the

### To the Student

parts of the course is borne in mind, this history may seem to slight some of the greatest authors whose masterpieces have been printed in earlier volumes, and of whom biographical sketches have been given. The casual reader might form a very erroneous opinion of the relative importance of the various ages if he based his judgment upon the space they occupy in this history. The last three parts of this course make with the preceding fifteen a unit; the three parts alone would be almost valueless.

In Part Eighteen is a complete general index to all the volumes, and this should be consulted at every step. The index gives ready access to every mention of an author, to every quotation from him and to the title of every selection printed in the course.

These last three numbers contain frequent questions and varied directions for specific study. The student is earnestly advised to use them to the best of his ability. They are a part of the scheme for review and should be interesting in themselves. Once more let it be said that in many cases the answers to the questions must be purely personal or of such a nature that people might not agree as to the correctness of them. However, the purpose

### To the Student

of the question has been accomplished when the student has formed his opinion from careful thought.

It is assumed that the characteristics of the different ages, their length and importance, and the causes that produced them will be mastered. While many dates are not necessary, some must be known. The student should associate great names and be able to recite in order at least those appearing in capitals in the tabular outline. He should know, too, the dates at which these writers lived, the dates of the four great periods and approximately those of the several ages.

But it is quite impossible to tell in detail here just how these numbers should be studied. They should be studied as other text books are, and also as the student has learned to work from the preceding numbers of this course. By this time he knows how a selection is to be approached, and has gained the power to master what he reads. It is hoped that he will find in the following numbers sufficient reward to justify his exertion.

# Part Sixteen

History of English Literature

# Beginnings

### The Early Races

When the Romans, under Cæsar, invaded Britain, in 55 B. C., they found the island inhabited by the Celts. These early Britons were a vigorous race, gifted with vivid imagination, delicate sensibilities, and lively emotions. However attractive these qualities might make a people, they were insufficient to create a successful opposition to the more highly organized Roman civilization. But the Celts persisted in maintaining their individuality, and after about five centuries of Roman rule, though they had grown weak and enervated, had lost few of their other characteristics.

About 449 A. D., the Roman legions having been withdrawn, the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, three Teutonic tribes from the mainland, invaded Britain, and after repeated attempts, in the face of bitter opposition that lasted fully a century, succeeded in conquering the Celts. But they could not exterminate the vigorous race. Many remained, ultimately to mingle their blood with their conquerors, while the more hardy and restive ones took refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, where still the population is largely of Celtic origin. It is to

### English Literature

the invading Angles, who were numerous and occupied northern and central England, that the English language owes its name. The combined tribes bequeathed to the English their most prominent racial characteristics, as well as the Anglo-Saxon language, the basis of modern English.

The Anglo-Saxons were a fearless people who had lived in a rugged country where the climate and all the surroundings had tended to develop personal bravery and a profound contempt for mild manners and gentle accomplishments. Although coarse and brutal in their pleasures, they possessed a seriousness of character and a sturdy sense of right and manliness that made them fit subjects to receive the Christian religion. This was brought to them by St. Augustine, who visited the island at the instigation of Pope Gregory in 597. In the wake of Christianity followed the schools, so that the arts and sciences began to thrive in England as on the Continent.

Yet toward the middle of the ninth century the country had again sunk back toward the depths of barbarism, and the light of learning might have been wholly extinguished but for the noble King Alfred who came to the throne in the year 872. A man of strong character and deep piety, as well as of warlike nature and sturdy independence, he was perfectly fitted to become the most conspicuous figure of early English history. He founded the navy,

### William the Conquetor

and by his successful wars firmly secured the island to its English inhabitants; then he reinstated the schools, established a code of laws, and gave wise encouragement to every form of profitable industry. He himself set the example, and did not hesitate to work with his own hands. The purpose of his life, expressed in his own words, was: "This I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived, I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants, in good works."

William the Less than two centuries after the death of Alfred occurred an event which again revolutionized the condition of things in England, and ultimately gave to the English race the elements previously lacking to make the greatest nation the world has known. William the Conqueror landed in England, and at the battle of Hastings overthrew the English under Harold. Normandy, of which William was the duke, was a province of northern France, and its inhabitants, though of Scandinavian origin, had adopted French manners and customs and had acquired the polish and refinement of French civilization. The Normans completely subjugated the Anglo-Saxons, divided their lands and established a rule which made of the native English the merest serfs. Norman castles sprang up over the land and became centers for social enjoyment and knightly pleasures. The conquerors

### English Literature

were the most courtly race in Europe, and their love for art and refined pleasures was in striking contrast to the practical and matter-of-fact nature of the English. French was the language of the court and the ruling classes; English the language of the subjugated.

For many years, the two civilizations existed side by side and there was no seeming prospect of a union. But the Normans were versatile, easily influenced and changeable; the English steady, self-reliant, persistent. Though at times they seemed to lose their national spirit, there was always under the superficial Norman elegance the strong, tenacious spirit of the English common people.

After Normandy was lost to France and the Normans were left without direct official connection with the continent, they began to give way more and more to the quiet, continuous influence of their Anglo-Saxon neighbors, so that eventually they afforded for a second time the strange spectacle of a conquering race absorbed by the conquered. By the middle of the fourteenth century, the English race was well established and contained nearly all the elements that, steadily developing under the influence of advancing civilization, may be recognized by the student of today. The three main ones were the Celtic element from the early Britons; the Teutonic element that came with the Anglo-Saxon sea-kings;

### Formation of the Language

and the Norman-French, brought by William across the English Channel. Each contributed its share to the national character: the Celts gave enthusiasm and delicacy of feeling; the Anglo-Saxons, vigor and stability; and the Norman-French, taste and refinement.

# The Language

A person clings to his mother tongue with great tenacity and a race gives up its language with reluctance; yet the influence of time and environment makes changes and development certain. So by considering what races have made up the English and by remembering the predominating traits of each race, it is not impossible to say what has been the history of the language. made their contribution but it was absorbed by the already virile Anglo-Saxon. The Normans brought French and a host of words of Latin derivation which served to add a wider range and a greater elegance to the vocabulary. day the words that give directness and vigor to our language, that speak of home and kindred and that are most common in our speech are of Anglo-Saxon origin.

But at the time last mentioned in the sketch of the people, this union of tongues was far from complete. Different dialects characterized different sections of England and the ratio of French words was much greater in and about London where the Norman court had so long held sway,

### English Literature

than it was to the north and south. Still, in the middle of the fourteenth century English had become the prescribed language of the realm and everywhere the current was setting strongly away from the Norman-French. Some standard was needed, some great work that should fix the use of words, not by law but by the rules of that higher court where the people judge the significance and value of words that give them their literature.

### The Literature

The literature of a race is the most elegant expression of its best thought and feeling. ature reflects the manners and customs of a people and shows their manifold peculiarities. Whatever affects national life affects the writers who in turn cast their influence over the progress of the race. Literature grows as a race grows and the various streams of humanity that have blended to make the English race have each controlled to a certain extent the English literature. There was an early Celtic literature, light and poetic, filled with delicate sentiment in which pathos and humor were blended. Few examples of it remain and what English literature owes to the Celt is an intermingling of the racial spirit that exists to this day. Besides this, many of the charming myths and legends which have served to inspire later writers have had their origin in the warm Celtic fancy. The legend of King Arthur and

#### Beownif

the Knights of his Round Table, a purely Celtic story, has served to fire the imagination of writers, both of prose and poetry, from the days of Malory to those of Tennyson and Lowell. The art-loving Normans had their literature, but it was clothed in the language of France and was felt rather as an influence than as a component part of English literature. As our language is primarily Anglo-Saxon, modified by the great influences just described, so it is the Anglo-Saxon literature that forms the bone and sinew of our own.

The earliest literature of a race is Beowulf poetry. The songs of the Saxon gleemen, celebrating courage and daring, fired the rough nature of these early warriors and urged them into fiercer combat. Some of these songs remain to us and Beowulf is the oldest of them. It is a poem of about six thousand lines and probably originated on the continent not long before the English invaded Britain. In form it has few of the characteristics of modern poetry. there is no attempt at a regular meter nor at rhyme, its lines are of nearly the same length and depend upon alliteration for what musical qualities they possess.

The story narrates the adventures of Beowulf in his expedition to slay Grendel, a huge monster that had for years devoured the Danish knights and devastated their kingdom. It is a vivid account and as sung at their feasts must have been

### English Liferature

inspiring to the listening warriors. The poem was handed down by word of mouth, and was not reduced to writing till some time in the ninth century.

A few lines accompanied by their translation show through how great an evolution the language has passed:

"Tha com of môre "Then came from the moor

Under mist hleodhun Under mist hill's Grendel gongan; Grendel to go: Goddes vrre bär.'' God's ire he bare."

Interesting as Beowulf is, it is not Cædmon truly English. The first poem originating in England is Cædmon's Paraphrase, a metrical version of parts of the bible. This was composed about 670, Cædmon dying in 680. He was not an educated man but claimed to have been told in a dream that he must sing. When he tried to do so the words came readily to him. These he remembered after he awakened and their excellence attracted the attention of the monks. who gave to Cædmon the opportunity to learn to read and understand the scriptures. His account of the Creation begins as follows:

"Ne waes her tha "Nor had there here giet, nymthe heolas yet, save the ster-sceado. vault-shadow.

Wiht geworden; ac Aught existed; but this

#### The Venerable Bede

thes wida grund
Stod deop and dim—
drihtue fremde,
Idel and unnyt."

wide abyss
Stood deep and dim—
strange to its Lord,
Idle and useless."

The Baeda, or the Venerable Bede, as he is First Prose generally called, may be considered the first writer of English prose, for although most of his works were in Latin, he made an English translation of the Gospel of St. John. But to King Alfred has rightfully been given the name of Father of English Prose because of the numerous translations he made from Latin into English. He gave to his people in their own language all that was best in existing works. These lines are from him:

"Gethenc hwilce witu us tha becomon for thisse woruld, tha we hit na hwaether ne selfe ne lufedon, ne eac othrum man num ne lyfdon. Thone naman anne we lufdon thaet we Christene waeron, and swithe feawa tha theawas." "Think what kind of punishments shall come to us for this world, if we neither loved it ourselves nor left it to other men. We have loved only the name of being Christians, and very few of the duties."

From the eighth to the twelfth centuries, a number of writers compiled the history of their

### English Literature

times and the results are known as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the most important prose work prior to the fourteenth century. It is extremely interesting in its pictures of the times and it gives a remarkably clear insight into the changes the language underwent in the four hundred years that elapsed between the beginning and the completion of the Chronicle.

The fourteenth century saw many notable events in the history of England, but the most far-reaching were those which led to the increasing power of the Lower House of Parliament and to the literary awakening that culminated in the genius of Geoffrey Chaucer.

Piers Sir John Mandeville, a great traveler, Plowman wrote an account of his wanderings and William Langland composed a long poem called The Vision of Piers the Plowman, a satire on social manners and customs. It was very popular at the time and second in influence only to the fiery teaching of the ardent reformer, John Wyclif. The poem was after the old models and was the last long poem written in the purely alliterative vein. These lines show something of the form:

"In a somer seson whan soft was the sonne, I shope me in shroudes as I a shepe were, In habite as an heremite, unholy of workes Went wide in this world, wondres to here."

### John Wyclit

John Wyclif was wyclif engaged in his translation of the bible. This gave for the first time to the English people a bible in their own tongue. The popularity and excellence of the work he did were largely instrumental in fixing the speech in use among the people and in giving a permanency to the literary forms of the language. This selection is from the 8th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew:

"And oo scribe, or a man of lawe, commynge to, saide to hym, Maistre, I shal sue thee whidir euer thou shalt go. And Ihesus said to hym, Foxis han dichis, or borowis, and briddis of the eir kan nestis; but mannes sone hath nat wher he reste his heued. an other of his disciplis saide to hym, Lord, suffre me go first and birye my fadir. Forsothe Thesus saide to hym, Sue thou me, and late dede men birve her dede men. And Ihesus steyinge vp in to a litel ship, his disciplis sueden him. And loo! a grete steryng was made in the see, so that the litil ship was hilid with wawis: but he slepte. And his disciplis camen nig to hym, and raysiden hym, sayinge, Lord, saue vs: we perishen. And Ihesus seith to hem. What ben vee of litil feith agast? Thanne he rysynge comaundide to the wyndid and the

# English Literature

see, and a grete pesiblenesse is maad. Forsothe men wonderden, sayinge: What manere man is he this, for the wyndis and the see obeishen to hym.''

# Period of Preparation

II. GEOFFREY CHAUCER
1340(?)-1400

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# Geoffrey Chaucer

It was, then, just at the time when the people of England were stirring under the impression of new ideas, when the modified English was coming into general use among all classes of people, that Geoffrey Chaucer was born. The date of his birth is not known with certainty and the information we have concerning his life is vague and incomplete. We know he was born about the year 1340 in the city of London and lived a life of comparative ease. As a youth he studied in both Oxford and Cambridge and was a page in the house of one of the royal family. For a while he served with the army in France and was taken prisoner there. He was at one time Comptroller of the Port of London, at another was a member of Parliament and in the course of his life he held a number of other important offices. He died in the year 1400 and was the first poet honored by burial in the "Poet's Corner" of Westminster Abbey. a stout and jovial man, with fine soft eyes peering out of a bright face, and by his gracious manners he gained the warm friendship of most of the leading men of his time. To quote Lowell, "If character may be divined by works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next,

but thoroughly human, and friendly with God and man."

His most productive period was be-Canterbury tween the years 1381 and 1380, during which time he wrote the House of Fame, Legend of Good Women, and the best part of the Canterbury It is upon this last work that his fame The plan of the Canterbury Tales is as follows: Chaucer imagined that there met at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, England, about thirty people representing nearly all classes of society and types of men. Different as these persons were, they were united by one common interest; all were pilgrims to the tomb of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. It was proposed that they should travel together and to while away the time each person was to tell to the others two stories, one on the journey to the shrine and another while returning. The teller of the best tale was to be feasted by the others. Chaucer did not complete his work and but two dozen of the stories now exist.

The best part of the *Tales* is the *Prologue*, in which Chaucer describes one by one the persons who make up his party. These descriptions are bright and keen and in them Chaucer shows marvelous power of penetration into character and has delineated types of humanity as they exist to-day. He has drawn them so perfectly that they are for all time. They seem like the people we know

## Geoffrey Chaucer

around us, for human nature is the same in all ages. The knight would be still a very perfect gentleman and the manners of the nun would be as faultless now as they were in the fourteenth century. Goldsmith in the *Deserted Village* did not succeed in drawing a finer parson than Chaucer's and the Wife of Bath is still a type of coarseness and vulgarity. Here is the parson:

# The Persoun

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poure Persoun¹ of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a learned man, a clerk²
That Cristes gospel treweley wolde preche;
His parischens³ devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.⁴
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,⁵
But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
Unto his poure parischens aboute,
Of his offrynge,⁵ and eek of his substaunce.

7

<sup>1.</sup> Parson, the parish priest,

<sup>2.</sup> A scholar educated in the University,

<sup>2.</sup> Parishioners.

<sup>4.</sup> Times.

It was hateful for him to excommunicate any of his flock because they did not pay their tithes.

<sup>6.</sup> The voluntary contributions he received from his parishioners.

<sup>7.</sup> Income.

He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.

Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parische, moche and lite, the Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.

This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,

Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,
And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed 11 man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe, 12
A (foule) schepherde and a clene schepe;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to give,
By his clennesse, how that his scheep schulde
lyve.

He sette not his benefice to hyre, <sup>18</sup>
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules.

<sup>8.</sup> He did not stop.

<sup>9.</sup> Misfortune

<sup>10.</sup> Great and small.

<sup>11.</sup> Ignorant,

<sup>12.</sup> Take heed.

<sup>13.</sup> He did not let his curacy to a stranger.

# Geoffrey Chaucer

Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde; <sup>14</sup>
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye;
He was a schepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought despitous, <sup>15</sup>
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne, <sup>16</sup>
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To draw folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was busynesse;
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbe <sup>17</sup> scharply for the nones. <sup>18</sup>

A bettre prest, I trowe, ther nowher non is, He waytede <sup>19</sup> after no pompe and reverence, Ne makede him a spiced <sup>20</sup> conscience, But Cristis lore, and his apostles twelve, He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.

The Canterbury Tales are written in heroic meter, that is in rhymed couplets of iambic pentameter. But there are many irregularities and

<sup>14.</sup> He did not run to London, to St. Paul's, where he could find a better paying employment in singing masses for souls and be maintained by a brotherhood.

<sup>15.</sup> Cruel.

<sup>16.</sup> Haughtv.

<sup>17.</sup> Snub.

<sup>18.</sup> Once.

<sup>19.</sup> Sought,

<sup>20.</sup> Too particular.

inaccuracies in the meter; so many, in fact, that Chaucer has been mercilessly criticised for his careless verse. The better class of critics, however, give him the highest kind of approval and this seems wholly right when one considers how little Chaucer had to assist him, how much he must create himself., Mrs. Browning says, "Not one of the Queen Anne's men, measuring out tuneful breath upon their fingers, like ribbons for topknots, did know the art of versification as the old, rude Chaucer knew it. Call him rude for the picturesqueness of the epithet, but his verse has, at least, as much regularity in the sense of true art, and more manifestly in proportion to our increasing acquaintance with his dialect and pronunciation."

That he was an ardent lover of nature his writings show, as they contain several positive assertions of the fact and numberless indirect allusions that tell more certainly the state of his feelings. For flowers and the spring time, his fondness became almost a passion. In the Legend of Good Women he says:

"Now have I than eke this conditioun,
That of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and
rede,

Soch that men callen daises in our toun; To hem I have so great affectioun,

# Geoffrey Chaucer

As I sayd erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day,
That I nam up and walking in the mede,
To seen this floure ayenst the Sunne sprede,
Whan it upriseth early by the morrow.
This blisfull sight softeneth all my sorrow.
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to done it all reverence,
As she that is of all floures the floure,
Fulfilled of all vertue and honore,
And every ylike faire, and fresh of hewe.
And ever I love it, and every ylike newe,
And ever shall, till that mine herte die,
All sweare I now, of this I woll not lie."

He had a keen appreciation of amusing incidents, and worked them into his stories in witty form. He drew these incidents from many sources and used them freely but withal in a way so altogether original that we cannot charge him with any form of plagiarism. He is probably the greatest narrative poet England has known. Of this phase of his genius Lowell has written: "Chaucer's best tales run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometime loitering smoothly, while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly, as a water

lily, to float on the surface without breaking it into a ripple."

Of the long line of English writers, most have spoken of him in terms of warmest praise. Occleve, a devoted friend, and himself a writer of no mean power, said:

"O mayster dere and fadir reverent,
My mayster Chaucer, floure of eloquence."

Spenser called his works a "well of English undefiled." Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes:

"And Chaucer with his infantine Familiar clasp of things divine."

This period terminating with the year 1400 is usually called the period of preparation in English literature, and Chaucer it is who rightfully bears the title of Father of English Poetry. Chaucer is the first of the really great English writers, and the only one of his age whose works will repay study on the part of the student of a course like the present. If every one would read intelligently the Prologue and the Knightes Tale, it would be a great advantage. The difficulties of the work are not insuperable to one of ordinary literary intelligence. With a little practice, the oddities of spelling cease to be confusing, and any reputable school text has notes enough to make clear the meaning of entirely strange words and of unusual constructions. Soon the charm of his quaint, simple style will impress the reader and the rhythm of the verse will delight the ear.

# Studies

- 1. Take a map of Europe and notice the relation of Great Britain to the Continent. Find the home of the Anglo-Saxons, of the Normans. Locate the regions into which the Celts retired.
- 2. What qualities enabled the Anglo-Saxon race finally to dominate their conquerors, the Normans?
- 3. What in order of importance are the elements that make up the English language?
- 4. Who is called the Father of English Prose? Who is the Father of English Poetry?
- 5. Compare the quotations from Wyclif's version of the 8th chapter of Matthew with verses 19-27 of the same chapter in your new testament. What word means follow? What does the word sterying mean? What word have we like it? What does raysiden mean? What is our spelling of the words "a grete pesiblenesse is maad"? What does the expression mean? What do you think of Wyclif's translation?
- 6. Modernize the spelling of Chaucer's description of the parson.
- 7. Write in your choicest English a paraphrase of Chaucer's description of the daisy. Try to put your paraphrase in the same meter as Chaucer's description.

8. Try to get other selections from Chaucer and read them for the story. Do not at first be particular to get the meaning of every word. Try to get the sense by noting the similarities of Chaucer's words to those of our day. Do not be afraid to guess at meanings. Read the same selection several times, frequently scanning it. You will soon find yourself enjoying his stories. If you can get a glossary, look up the meaning of the words you cannot identify after two or three readings.

# period of Italian Influence

I. THE AGE OF REACTION 1400-1558

# The Age of Reaction

The century and a half which followed Chaucer was a period of reaction in which literature seemed to be obeying one of the laws of its own rhythm. After the flow came the ebb.

The most notable event of the time was the invention of the art of printing from movable type. Previously everything was printed from plates laboriously engraved. Now came two Germans, John Gutenberg and John Faust, who used movaable letters which could be combined to make all words and so lessened wonderfully the expense of printing. In 1455, they issued the first bible. It was printed in Latin and is known as the Mazarin bible.

William Caxton land was made by William Caxton who, in 1474, published The Game of the Chesse, the first book printed in England. He was a hard-working man and in the course of his life printed about sixty-five books, some of them being the Canterbury Tales and other poems from prominent writers of the time. The accessibility of these made them popular and refined the literary taste of the people. The most important prose work of the period published by him is the Morte d' Arthur, under the name of The Byrth, Lyfe and Actes of King Arthur, of his Noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table. This still remains one of the most fasci-

nating of the old romances and is a long account of the wonderful adventures, the knightly deeds of the king and his devoted companions in war and in love. Later writers have been deeply indebted to Sir Thomas Malory for his graphic marratives. Notable among those who have drawn directly from him is Lord Tennyson who in his *Idyls of the King* tells in matchless verse many of the fascinating old legends.

Malory's style is simple, direct and clear, suggesting much to the imagination, but wasting no energy in useless description. When Arthur was dying, Sir Bedivere took the famous sword Excalibur and threw it into the lake. Malory tells the incident thus briefly:

"And then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished. And then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water." The preparation for Arthur's departure is simple and touching: "Now put me into the barge,' said the King; and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head and then that queen said, 'Oh, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me?""

#### Morte d' Arthur

Tennyson takes the same incidents, and in his *Morte d' Arthur*, clothes them as follows:

"Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran, And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon, And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd
him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:

'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.

Speak out: what is it thou hast heard or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir, King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling
him;

But when I look'd again, behold an arm, Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonderful, That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I fear My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose, Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm; And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,

#### Morte d' Arthur

And would have spoken, but he found not words;

Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard, Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed When all the house is mute. So sighed the king,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late and I shall die.'

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,

Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry

Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves

And barren chasms, and all to left and right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him as he based

His feet on juts of slipping crag that rang

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge, Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern, Beneath them; and descending they were ware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms,

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these

Three queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars, And, as it were one voice, an agony Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills All night in the waste land, where no one

comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge.'

So to the barge they came. There those three queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

#### Morte d' Arthur

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, And dropping bitter tears against a brow Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with
drops

Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd
with dust:

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose, Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.

So like a shattered column lay the king; Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest, From spur to plume a star of tournament, Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged Before the eyes of ladies and of kings."

Malory describes in this way the death of Launcelot:

"Then Sir Launcelot, ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more

and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore day and night he prayed (taking no rest), but needfully as nature required: sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep; and always he was lying grovelling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb; and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, not none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing. . . .

"And so, within fifteen days, they came to Joyous Guard, and there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sung and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him; and even his visage was laid open and naked, that all folk might behold him. For such was the custom in those days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried. And right thus as they were at their service there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had sought seven years all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother, Sir Launcelot.

"And then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him; and when he

# William Tyndale

beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon; and when he awoke, it was hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. 'Ah, Sir Launcelot,' said he, 'thou wert head of all Christian knights.' -- 'And now, I dare say,' said Sir Bors, 'that Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's And thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield: and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman: and thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

William A second translation of the bible was the most important event in this period of reaction. More than a hundred years had elapsed since Wyclif did his work, when William Tyndale determined to make a translation from the original Greek. He labored under the greatest difficulties and in the face of an opposition that would have dismayed the stoutest heart. To es-

cape the persecution of the church in England, he decided to do his work on the continent where Luther's master-spirit had started the great Reformation. By most persistent effort, he partially succeeded in accomplishing his purpose and so well did he do his work that his translation fixed the form of the bible for all time. Wyclif's bible existed in manuscript, but the language had experienced such modifications that the work was unintelligible to the people. Tyndale's bible could be read by every one and printing made it accessible to any who wished to consult it. difficult to estimate the influence the book has had upon the literature of the nation; but very few works have done more to form the speech and to fix the canons of good English than Tyndale's new testament.

But the author suffered for his devotion and his liberal spirit. Even while at his work, he was hunted from place to place and finally in Brussels he was betrayed and captured. After eighteen months in prison, where he was denied the use of all writing material, he was strangled in his cell and his body was burned at the stake.

Of this translation Dr. Geddes has said, "It is astonishing how little obsolete the language of it is, even at this day; and in point of perspicuity and noble simplicity, propriety of idiom and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it." The truth of this statement will be apparent to any one who reads the following quotations:

# Tyndale's Bible

- "Jesus sayde unto her, Thy brother shall ryse agayne.
- "Martha sayde unto hym, I know wele, he shall ryse agayne in resurrection att the last daye.
- "Jesus sayde unto her, I am the resurreccion and lyfe; whosoever beleveth on me, ye, though he were deed, yet shall he lyve.

# The Lord's Prayer

"Oure Father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyll be fulfilled, as well in erth, as hit ys in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breade. And forgyve vs oure treaspases, even as we forgeve them which treaspas vs. Leede vs not into temptacion, but delyvre vs from yvell. Amen."

# The Magnificat

- "And Marye sayde: My soule magnifieth the Lorde, and my sprete reioyseth in God my Savioure.
- "For he hath loked on the povre degre off his honde mayden. Beholde nowe from hens forthe shall all generacions call me blessed.
- "For he that is myghty hath done to me greate thinges, and blessed ys his name:

- "And hys mercy is always on them that feare him thorow oute all generacions.
- "He hath shewed strengthe with his arme; he hath scattered them that are proude in the ymaginacion of their hertes.
- "He hath putt doune the myghty from their seates, and hath exalted them of lowe degre.
- "He hath filled the hongry with goode things, and hath sent away the ryche empty.
- "He hath remembered mercy, and hath holpen his servant Israhel.
- "Even as he promised to oure fathers, Abraham and to his seed for ever."

The student will find in the portion of Holinshed's *Chronicle* printed in Part XII, page 214 of this course another example of prose written near the close of this period.

It is to this epoch that most of the best surviving ballads should be referred, though they were not collected and printed until many years later. In Part X considerable space was given to Ballads, and *The Three Ravens* and the stories of *Robin Hood* are of this epoch.

See Part X, page 229 and page 241.

These old ballads will always be admired, for though they are rude they are picturesque and full of energetic action, tempered at times by pathetic touches that are affecting because of their sim-

#### Ballads

plicity. The Ballad of Chevy Chase is probably the most quoted. The following ballad is supposed to refer to an incident that occurred late in the thirteenth century. Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, was conveyed with great pomp and ceremony from Scotland to Norway, where she wedded the King. On the return from the nuptial ceremonies, many prominent personages were drowned.

# Sir Patrick Spens

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O where shall I get a skeely' skipper,
To sail this ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight, Sat at the king's right knee— "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor, That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter, And sealed it with his hand! And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens, Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

z. Skillful.

The first word that Sir Patrick read, Sae loud loud laughed he; The neist word that Sir Patrick read, The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed, And tauld the king o' me, To send me out, at this time of the year, To sail upon the sea?

"Be't wind or weet, be't hail or sleet, Our ship maun sail the faem; The king's daughter to Noroway, 'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Moneday morn, Wi' a' the speed they may;
Thay ha'e landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week, In Noroway, but twae, When that the lords o' Noroway Began aloud to say—

- "Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud, And a' our queenis fee."
- "Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud! Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

z. Gold.

# Sir Patrick Spens

"For I ha'e brought as much white monie, As gane my men and me,

And I ha'e brought a half-fou of gude red goud,

Out o'er the sea wi' me.

- "Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!

  Our gude ship sails the morn."
- "Now, ever alake, my master dear, I fear a deadly storm!"
- "I saw the new moon, late yestreen, Wi' the auld moon in her arm;

  And, if we gan to sea, master,

  I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap, It was sic a deadly storm; And the waves cam o'er the broken ship, Till a' her sides were torn.

<sup>3.</sup> Suffice.

<sup>4.</sup> Bushel.

<sup>5.</sup> Alack.

<sup>6.</sup> Sky.

"O where will I get a gude sailor, To take my helm in hand, Till I get up to the tall top-mast, To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go to the tall top-mast,
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith, Another o' the twine, And wap them into our ship's side, And let nae the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude
ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords, To weet their cork-heeled shoon!

<sup>7.</sup> Wet.

<sup>8.</sup> Shoes.

#### Sir Patrick Spens

But lang or a' the play was played, They wat 'their hats aboon.'

And mony was the feather-bed,
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam hame.

The ladys wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves—
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladys sit, Wi' their fans into their hand, Before they see Sir Patrick Spens, Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit, With their goud kaims in their hair, A' waiting for their ain dear loves! For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

q. Above.

## Studies

- 1. Write twenty lines on the effect the invention of printing would have upon literature.
- 2. Has Tennyson added any facts to Malory's description of the death of Arthur? Does he contradict any of the statements Malory makes? Compare the two selections and see to just how great an extent Tennyson uses his imagination. Read Malory's description of Launcelot's death and then using your imagination write a description of twice the length.
- 3. Compare Tyndale's version of the Lord's Prayer with the one now in Matthew vi, 9-13, and in Luke xi, 2-4. Compare the previous quotation with John xi, 23-25, and the Magnificat with Luke i, 46-55.
- 4. Read the selection from Holinshed's *Chronicle* in Part Twelve, and compare the language with the selections from Tyndale.
- 5. Read the ballads mentioned for review and then compare them with Sir Patrick Spens. Which of the ballads do you like best? What are its merits as a piece of literature?

# Period of Italian Influence

II. THE AGE OF ELIZABETH 1558-1603

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# The Elizabethan Age

The England Queen Elizabeth came to the throne of of Elizabeth England in 1558 and her reign is the most wonderful in the history of the country. was a marvelous time, in which every human endeavor was at the high tide of success. discovery of America had opened a new world to the wondering gaze of the people, and subsequent discoveries and explorations kept England in the heat of excitement. Although not the first in the field, she had sent her Sir Francis Drake into unknown seas, where he entered the Pacific, wintered on the western coast of North America near San Francisco Bay and continued his voyage around the world. Sir Walter Raleigh made his attempts to colonize America and the English prepared to occupy the wilderness of the Atlantic London merchants formed the East India Company and laid the foundation of England's great empire in the east. It is difficult for us to conceive the effect the exciting adventures had upon the temper and the intellect of the people.

However, the excitement of discovery and exploration was but one of many thrilling experiences. England was at war with Spain and that nation gathered its *Invincible Armada* to conquer and destroy the British fleet and invade the island kingdom. But Drake, Frobisher and Hawkins,

hardened sailors and experienced captains, handled their light and lively ships so that they escaped with little injury, while they drove to destruction the heavy, lumbering Spanish vessels. The storms of the northern seas helped the English to the annihilation of the boasted Armada and thereby to establish for the victorious nation the title of Mistress of the Seas.

At that time, the church and the state were considered inseparable. The king ruled as the direct representative of God and whoever resisted the church resisted the government and was a rebel and a traitor. But the spirit which prompted some men to follow the flag around the world prompted others to think for themselves. England was divided between the Catholic and the Protestant faiths, with the Jesuits at one extreme and the Puritans at the other. In the struggle between them. Elizabeth favored the Protestants and when the Catholics refused to subscribe to the tenets of the Church of England they were tortured into submission. This aroused the Pope and Elizabeth was excommunicated. However, her Parliament stood by her and before her reign was over English Protestantism was thoroughly established and the creed of the church settled in the Thirty Nine Articles that still govern it. But the awakening of the spirit of personal religious inquiry and judgment was vastly more important to the age than the mere substitution of one church for another.

## The Elizabethan Age

Elizabeth's reign was marked also by storm and stress that was purely political. Her crown was claimed by Mary Stuart of Scotland, and in the ensuing quarrel Ireland, Scotland, Spain, France and the Pope at Rome became embroiled. Her reign was a continuous succession of plots with no little bloodshed till the consummation came in the execution of Mary, who had fallen into the hands of Elizabeth.

In addition to her coarseness, her vulgarity and her masculine habits of rule, the Virgin Queen was vain and loved display, treating the people to magnificent pageants, while her court life was one of extravagance and show. Still people were loyal to their Queen and some of the very characteristics that repel us now were then the occasion of her popularity.

In the realm of pure intellect, there was all the life and energy that manifested itself in war, politics and religion. On the continent, Galileo and Copernicus, suffering every persecution from the Church of Rome, were advancing their theories with a daring and persistence as great as Drake's. In England, Lord Bacon was reconstructing the whole system of abstract philosophy upon a basis fully in accord with liberalizing tendencies, and establishing it upon observation and reason.

An age rife with vigorous physical activity, burning with daring and love for heroic deeds, struggling with the most important problems of

government and religion, enjoying display and rapidly gaining the means to indulge the taste, changing its habits and its modes of life, -such an age of feeling, daring and doing must produce a wonderful literature. The age of Elizabeth justifies the expectation and stands unrivaled in all English history. It was the age of Bacon, of Spenser and of Shakespeare; it gave us some of the greatest masterpieces in prose and in poetry, while in the drama it is absolutely unrivaled. But this age of Elizabeth should not be confined in thought to the years of her reign, for the causes which produced such a wealth of literary excellence continued to act through the reign of her successor and even to the Puritan Reformation. though in the latter years other causes were at work which prepared the way for a different school of writers.

The people demanded excitement, were anxious to be amused, had money to spend and were looking for new ways of spending it agreeably. Books of poetry and romance came into demand and the stirring events of the day furnished material for countless tales and the inspiration for scores of poets. The imagination of every one was active and childlike in its demands, so that the influence of the Italian school of writers, which had manifested itself to some extent in the writings of Chaucer, came to be the ruling spirit of the age.

There were literally hundreds of minor literary



### John Lyly

characters who wrote and were read, but who are now forgotten. Many others there were who are still read, whose influence even now is felt but whose importance is not sufficient to justify us in considering them at length in this course. However, there are three names so great that any attempt to give them due attention would shut out the others. Sir Francis Bacon, philosopher and essayist; Edmund Spenser, "the poet's poet," "the rightest English poet," and William Shakespeare who bears the greatest name in all literature, these three make the Elizabethan Age the grandest of all time.

For a score of years after the beginning of Elizabeth's reign nothing great was accomplished in either prose or poetry. The quantity written had never been exceeded in the same length of time, but most of it was produced by numerous writers who had no special aptitude for composition. Prose was of little interest and of less value; the vivid imagination of the people demanded the play of fancy and glitter of figures that only poetry could afford.

John Lyly

The fantastic spirit of the time found expression in a peculiar kind of writing and of speech that was practiced by many of the courtiers and affected by brilliant men and women outside the circle of royalty. Its use was not confined to England but the writers of other nations at about the same time became infected

by the spirit. In England it was known as Euphuism, from the name of the principal character in a prose romance, Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit, written by John Lyly and published about 1579. Euphues talked in enigmatical sentences, using far-fetched and obscure figures and labored antitheses.

As an example of Lyly's style at its best, take the following:

"It is therefore a most evident sign of God's singular favour towards him, that he is endued with all these qualities, without the which man is most miserable. But if there be any one that thinketh wit not necessary to the obtaining of wisdom, after he hath gotten the way to virtue, and industry, and exercise, he is a heretic, in my opinion, touching the true faith in learning. For if nature play not her part, in vain is labour; and, as it is said before, if study be not employed, in vain is Sloth turneth the edge of wit. study sharpeneth the mind; a thing, be it never so easy, is hard to the idle; a thing, be it never so hard, is easy to wit well employed. And most plainly we may see in many things the efficacy of industry and labour. The little drops of rain pierce the hard marble; iron, with often handling, is worn to nothing.

#### Eupbuism

Besides this, industry sheweth herself in other things; the fertile soil, if it be never tilled, doth wax barren; and that which is most noble by nature is made most vile by negligence. What tree, if it be not topped, beareth any fruit? What vine, if it be not pruned, bringeth forth grapes? Is not the strength of the body turned to weakness with too much delicacy? Were not Milo his arms brawnfallen for want of wrestling? Moreover, by labour the fierce unicorn is tamed, the wildest falcon is reclaimed, the greatest bulwark is sacked."

And as another:

"The sharp north-east wind doth never last three days; tempests have but a short time; and the more violent the thunder is, the less permanent it is. In the like manner, it falleth out with the jars and crossings of friends, which, begun in a minute, are ended in a moment. Necessary it is that among friends there should be some over-thwarting; but to continue in anger, not convenient. The camel first troubleth the water before he drink; the frankincense is burned before it smell; friends are tried before they are trusted, lest, like the carbuncle as though they had fire, they be found, being touched, to be with-

out fire. Friendship should be like the wine which Homer, much commending, calleth Maroneum, whereof one pint being mingled with five quarts of water, yet it keepeth his old strength and virtue, not to be qualified by any discourtesy. Where salt doth grow, nothing else can breed; where friendship is built, no offence can harbour."

Sir Philip Sidney. Some writers, greater than Lyly him-self, were influenced by his style. Sir Philip Sidney, of whom mention has been more than once made in the earlier numbers of this course, in addition to his fame as a soldier and courtier, deserves mention for his prose romance Arcadia, his collection of sonnets and his Apologie for Poetrie, which is the first successful critical essay in the language. His style though at first pedantic and euphuistic, grew to be quite clear and forceful with real poetic power in expression. These few lines are taken from his Defence of Poesie.

"Now therein — (that is to say, the power of at once teaching and enticing to do well) — now therein, of all sciences — I speak still of human and according to human conceit — is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter

#### Sir Pbilip Sidney

into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste."

The following sonnet is one of his best:

"With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,

How silently, and with how wan a face! What may it be, that even in heavenly place That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries? Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case; I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace

To me that feel the like thy state descries.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"

Sir Francis Bacon Very little of Elizabethan prose is now generally read, excepting the essays of Sir Francis Bacon. The first ten of these were published in 1597 but the remaining forty-eight did not appear until 1625, a date, it will be noticed, considerably beyond the reign of Elizabeth.

Examples of these essays and a detailed discussion may be found in Part Three, pages 37 to 48, inclusive. They still rank high in the world's estimation both for the profundity of their thought and the excellence of the style in which they are written. Bacon's style is usually clear, though concise to a most remarkable degree. Every word has its meaning and is fitted to its place in the sentence so closely and so perfectly that it is almost impossible to alter the arrangement without sacrificing the thought. There is little to touch the feelings deeply for sentiment has no place with him, but to the intellect he

### Sir Walter Raleigb

speaks in terms that cannot be misunderstood. In spite of its condensation, his style cannot be called plain, for it abounds in striking analogies, brilliant figures and allusions that show the breadth of his knowledge of classic lore. His sentences are rhythmical and of the poetic type, though it is thought that he never wrote but one poem and that of little merit.

Bacon's name is at once associated with Shake-speare, who was writing his best at about the time the first of Bacon's essays were being printed. Basing their opinion on Bacon's great learning and intellectual keenness and upon the seeming impossibility that a man of Shakespeare's inferior education could write his wonderful plays, some people have contended that the authorship of the plays should be credited to Bacon, who, for reasons of his own, concealed the fact of his being a dramatist. This has never been a really tenable hypothesis and is mentioned merely to show to what an extent visionary criticism may go. A sketch of Bacon's life will be found on page 51 of Part Three.

Sir Walter Raleigh One of the most picturesque characters of this astonishing age was Sir Walter Raleigh. He was a warrior and a traveler who lived through adventures as exciting and marvelous as those of a hero of romance; he was a courtier and one of the most influential favorites of the queen; he was an office-holder, the ruler

of vast estates in Ireland, a pirate, an historian and a poet. He was for twelve years a prisoner, accused of treason, and after his release he was again tried and this time sentenced to the block where he took the "sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," as he termed the executioner's ax. During his long imprisonment he wrote his History of the World, and naturally his mind, turned more or less upon himself, acquired that subjective sensibility that aids in poetic conception. His history partook of some of the peculiarities of the time and his style seems inverted and strained though to a much less degree than most of the Elizabethan prose. He savs this of English valor, the quality he possessed in so remarkable a degree:

"All that have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness that I do not allege the battle of Poictiers for lack of other good examples of the English virtue; the proof whereof hath left many a hundred better marks, in all quarters of France, than ever did the valour of the Romans. If any man impute these victories of ours to the long-bow, as carrying farther, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French cross-bow, my answer is ready—that in all these respects it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superior to the musket; yet is

### Sir Walter Raleigb

the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the cross-bow are of like force when discharged by a boy or a woman as when by a strong man; weakness, or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long-bow unserviceable. More particularly, I say that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, point-blank; and so shall he perceive that will note the circumstances of almost any one battle. This takes away all objection, for when two armies are within the distance of a butt's length, one flight of arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it, in general, true that the long-bow reacheth farther, or that it pierceth more strongly than the cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon can be grounded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help him, I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French historian, who, relating the victory of our men at Crevent, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words: 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere without any stay;

he forceth our guard, placed upon the bridge to keep the passage' (John de Serres). I may cite another place of the same author, where he tells us how the Britons, being invaded by Charles VIII, king of France. thought it good policy to apparel twelve hundred of their own men in English cassocks, that the very sight of the English red cross would be enough to terrify the French. I will not stand to borrow of the French historians (all of which, excepting de Serres and Paulus Aemilius, report wonders of our nation); the proposition which first I undertook to maintain, that the military virtue of the English prevailing against all manner of difficulties ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded. why, then, did not our kings finish the conquest as Cæsar had done, my answer may be - I hope without offence - that our kings were like to the race of the Æacidae, of whom the old poet Ennius gave this note: potentes sunt mage quam sapienti potentes -They were more warlike than politic. Whoso notes their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only King Henry V, the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death."

### Sir Walter Raleigb

Raleigh's poetry is characterized by brilliancy of imagination and a certain directness and force of style that bear witness to the remarkable spirit of the man. The following is one of his best short poems. Its authorship has been disputed but not disproved:

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;

The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;

So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they
come.

They that are rich in words, in words discover, That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart, The merit of true passion, With thinking that he feels no smart, That sues for no compassion;

Since if my plaints serve not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from excess of love,
But from excess of duty:

For knowing that I sue to serve A saint of such perfection,

As all desire, but none deserve, A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing—
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high For any mortal lover, When reason cannot make them die, Discretion doth them cover.

Yet when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!

My true, though secret passion;

He smarteth most that hides his smart,

And sues for no compassion.

# Edmund Spenser

The culmination of poetic power in this age was in Edmund Spenser, the first worthy successor of Chaucer, who wrote nearly two hundred years before Spenser published his first famous poem. All that has been mentioned as having been written between the two periods falls low in the scale when compared with the melodious lines and beautiful imagery of this great master of English versification.

His early life is lost in obscurity and much uncertainty clings to many of the events of later years. He was born about the year 1552, probably in London, if we may depend upon these lines which were found in his *Prothalamium*:

"Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native
source."

He was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he was entered as a sizar, one who waited upon the table and performed other menial tasks in payment for tuition and lodging. After his graduation he lived in the northern part of England and while there fell deeply in love with a faithless "Rosalind" whose beauty he sings in The Shepherd's Calendar, a poem which, published anonymously in 1579, gave the author at once both position and fame. It is divided

into twelve eclogues, or short pastoral poems, one for each month of the year. In it shepherds discuss various subjects, including love, politics and religion. Compared with the *Faerie Queene* this work is much inferior, but it gives promise of the mastery of style subsequently attained.

In London, Spenser is found the friend of Sidney and the Earl of Leicester. Here he remained two years and mingled in the gaities of the court. In 1580 as secretary, he followed Earl Gray to Ireland and discharged his duties to the satisfaction of his patrons, it may be supposed, for he received a large grant of land and the castle of one of the rebellious Irish earls. He remained in Ireland for eighteen years and left only when driven out of his castle by fire and sword. In the tragic occurrence which resulted in the destruction of the castle, he lost one child and the remainder of his family narrowly escaped with their lives.

It was not until Spenser was about forty-two years old that he recovered sufficiently from his early experiences with "Rosalind" to fall in love with and marry a beautiful Irish girl. This event he made memorable by *Epithalamium*, the finest marriage song in the language. Here are a few stanzas from it:

"Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time; The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,

r. Tithonus, prince of Troy, was the husband of Aurora, goddess of dawn. She secured for him from the gods the gift of perpetual life but forgot to ask for perpetual youth. As he grew old and tiresome she turned him into a grasshopper.

### Edmund Spenser

All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,

And carol of Love's praise.

The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis<sup>2</sup> descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock<sup>3</sup> warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long, When meeter were that you should now awake, T' await the coming of your joyous make, And harken to the birds' love-learned song, The dewy leaves among!

For they of joy and pleasance to you sing, That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

the temple gates unto my love.

"Open the temple gates unto my love, Open them wide that she may enter in, And all the posts adorn as doth behove, And all the pillars deck with garlands trim, For to receive this saint with honour due, That cometh in to you.

<sup>2.</sup> The song thrush.

<sup>3.</sup> The European robin.

<sup>4.</sup> Obsolete word meaning mate,

With trembling steps, and humble reverence, She cometh in, before the Almighty's view; Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience, When so ye come into those holy places, To humble your proud faces; Bring her up to the high altar, that she may The sacred ceremonies there partake, The which do endless matrimony make; And let the roaring organs loudly play The praises of the Lord in lively notes; The whiles, with hollow throats, The choristers the joyous anthem sing, That all the woods may answer, and their echoring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands, Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks, And blesseth her with his two happy hands, How the red roses flush up in her cheeks, And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain, Like crimson died in grain; That even the angels, which continually About the sacred altar do remain, Forget their service, and about her fly, Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair The more they on it stare.

But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground, Are governed with goodly modesty,

### Edmund Spenser

That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring."

It was a few years before the date of Spenser's marriage that Sir Walter Raleigh visited him in Ireland and heard from his own lips the first three books of his greatest work, the long allegorical poem, The Faerie Queene. So delighted was the famous courtier with the beauty of the poem that he was instrumental in causing Spenser to return to England and in bringing the rising poet to the notice of Queen Elizabeth. Spenser's experience in London and his gratitude to Raleigh he commemorates in his poem Colin Clout's Come Home Again.

Spenser did not long survive the catastrophe that ruined his home in Ireland, but died in London, suffering from privation and hunger, too proud to accept aid that was offered him. His funeral was one of great pomp and he was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey in the year 1599. In the inscription on his tomb occur these words, "the prince of poets in his tyme; whose divine spirit needs noe other witness than the works which he left behind him."

The Faerie Oueene was an ambitious under-Spenser intended to celebrate in twelve books the twelve great moral virtues which he saw perfected in the person of King Arthur, the hero of the poem. Each book was to be connected with the adventures of one knight from Arthur's Round Table, and each knight was the allegorical representative of one of the virtues. Thus the first book contains the legend of the Knight of the Red Cross, Holiness; the second, the legend of Guyon, Temperance; the third of Britomartis, Chastity. These were the three books first published and they were followed by three others which are really much inferior. Though it has been contended that the poet completed his work, no other books now exist and it is probable that Spenser was unable to realize his His life in the tempestuous days of Irish rebellion was not conducive to study and the only wonder is that he was able to accomplish so great a work as he did. The adventures of his knights are really reflections from the stormy scenes about him, as the beauty of his descriptions may have grown out of the loveliness of the natural scenery he found in southern Ireland.

Besides the allegory mentioned, a second one runs through the poem, for the knights and other characters, besides representing the virtues and various human qualities, are the prominent personages of the day under such thin disguises that

### the Faerle Queene

their identification was an easy matter. His laving the scene of his poem in contemporary England and bringing the notables of the day into his poem was the means by which he hoped to recommend himself to the notice and approval of those who could give him preferment. humilitie" he "dedicates, presents and consecrates these his labors" "to the most high, mightie, and magnificent Empresse, renowned for pietie, vertue, and all gratious government, Elizabeth." To the poem was prefixed an introductory letter addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which he tells the details of his plan and explains some parts of the allegory. A few sentences from the introduction show better his intentions than can any description by another. "The generall end, therefore, of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. — I labour to poratraict in Arthure. before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised. - In that Faerie Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faerie land."

The six books completed consist each of twelve long cantos, the first book containing in all more than five thousand five hundred lines. The stanzas are uniform in meter, each having eight iambic

pentameter lines followed by one of hexameter. This stanza, very musical in its structure, and especially attractive because of the lengthened cadence of the ninth line, is now universally known as the Spenserian stanza.

(See Part Seven, page 26.)

The unusual length of The Faerie Queene makes it impossible to give in brief any comprehensive idea of its wealth of incident and its unnumbered beauties. The best that can be done is to quote one or two of the more famous adventures. These will naturally be taken from the first books, as there is a marked falling off in excellence as the poem proceeds. It is as though the poet, seeing his powers failing, clung only to the framework of his plan and filled in his twelve cantos with whatever came into his mind to write, from a genealogy of British kings to a catalogue of the rivers of the United Kingdom. But if interest in the continued poem is destroyed by this unfortunate mixture of good and bad, there is an abundance of detached incidents and separate masterpieces to give the reader much unalloyed pleasure. Hunt says, "If you love poetry well enough to enjoy it for its own sake, let no evil reports of his allegory deter you from an acquaintance with Spenser, for great will be your loss. His allegory itself is but one part allegory and nine parts beauty and enjoyment. . . . His versification is almost perpetual honey. . . . He has

had more idolatry and imitation from his brethren than all the rest put together. . . . Milton studied and used him, calling him the 'sage and serious Spenser.' . . . Cowley said he became a poet by reading him. Dryden claimed him for a master. Pope said he read him with as much pleasure when he was old as when he was young. Collins and Gray loved him; Thomson, Shenstone and a host of inferior writers expressly imitated him; Burns, Byron, Shelley and Keats made use of his stanza; Coleridge eulogized him; and he is as dear to the best living poets as he was to their predecessors."

The first adventure of the Knight of the Red Cross, told in the beginning of the first canto, is the one selected here:

# The Red Cross knight and the Dragon

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine, Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde, Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,

The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore, The deare remembrance of his dying Lord, For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,

And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,

Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:

And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside, Upon a lowly Asse more white than snow, Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide Under a vele, that wimpled was full low; And over all a blacke stole shee did throw: As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,

And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe
she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe, She was in life and every vertuous lore; And by descent from Royall lynage came Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore

Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,

And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farr away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in ever being last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they
past,

The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast, And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast, That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain; And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand, A shadie grove not farr away they spide, That promist ayde the tempest to withstand; Whose loftie trees, yelad with sommers pride, Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,

Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they
entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,

Joying to heare the birds sweete harmony, Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,

Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.

Much can they praise the trees so straight and
hy,

The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall; The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry; The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all; The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still:

The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;

The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill; The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round; The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way, Untill the blustring storme is overblowne; When, weening to returne whence they did stray,

They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,

But wander too and fro in waies unknowne, Furthest from end then, when they neerst weene,

That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:

So many pathes, so many turnings seene, That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd most
bare,

And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,

At length it brought them to a hollowe cave

Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout

Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave, And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

'Be well aware,' quoth then that Ladie milde,

'Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke: The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde, Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,

And perill without show: therefore your stroke, Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made.'
'Ah Ladie,' (sayd he) 'shame were to revoke The forward footing for an hidden shade:

Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade.'

'Yea but' (quoth she) 'the perill of this place

I better wot then you: though nowe too late To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace, Yet wisdome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,

To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.

This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware.' 'Fly, fly!' (quoth then

The fearfull Dwarfe) 'this is no place for living men.'

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment, The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide;

But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile
disdaine.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were
gone,

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide, And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile About her cursed head; whose folds displaid Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.

She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darkeness to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor she see
any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd he lept

As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, naught aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:

The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd:

Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,

And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground;
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne around,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint, Cride out, 'Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye bee;

Add faith unto your force and be not faint;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.'
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine;
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
paine,

That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him
slacke

His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe.

Her vomit full of bookes and papers was, With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,

And creeping sought way in the weedy gras: Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there
breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male And partly femall, of his fruitful seed; Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

The same so sore analyzed has the knight, That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke, His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight; Whose corage when the feend perceive to shrinke.

She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt
at all.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide, When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west, High on an hill, his flocke to vewen bide, Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;

A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest, All striving to infixe their feeble stinges, That from their noyance he no where can rest; But with his clownish hands their tender wings

He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame

Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre, Approacht in hast to greet his victorie; And saide, 'Faire knight, borne under happie starre,

<sup>5.</sup> See afar.

Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye, Well worthie be you of that Armory, Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day, And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie, Your first adventure: many such I pray, And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!'

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe, And with the Lady backward sought to wend. That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,

Ne ever would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them
brought.

So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveiled before he heard of
ought.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way

An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad, His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray, And by his belt his booke he hanging had: Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad, And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent, Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad; And all the way he prayed as he went,

And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low, Who faire him quited, as that courteous was; And after asked him, if he did know Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas. 'Ah! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) 'how should, alas!

Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to
mell.

'But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,

And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare.'
'Of such,' (saide he,) 'I chiefly doe inquere,
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth
weare;

For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace, That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.'

'Far hence' (quoth he) 'in wastfull wildernesse

His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.'
'Now,' (saide the Ladie,) 'draweth toward
night,

And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean
waves emong.

'Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest.

And with new day new worke at once begin: Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.'

'Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,'
Quoth then that aged man: 'the way to win
Is wisely to advise; now day is spent:
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night.' The knight was well
content:

So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly Hermitage it was, Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side, Far from resort of people that did pas In traveill to and froe; a litle wyde

There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth
alway.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,

And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas:

He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore He strowd an Ave Mary after and before.

This represents the victorious conflicts Holiness or the Red Cross Knight has with Error or Heresy, the dragon who represents sin or Catholicism, that is, Spain. The Knight represents the Church of England, the dints on his shield being the various persecutions the church has suffered, and the trials and difficulties over which it has triumphed. The Lady accompanying the Knight is Una, or true Religion, Christianity. The Dwarf is Humility or the common people in the church, and the old man with whom they stop for the night is

Archimago, representing Satan or Hypocrisy and Fraud.

Through the machinations of Archimago, the "aged Sire" met by the Knight and his Lady at the close of the last selection, Una and the Red Cross Knight are separated and she is wandering alone in search of him when she meets the Lion. This meeting is described in the first part of Canto III:

# Una and the Lion

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse.

That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse

Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.

I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd, Or through alleageance, and fast fealty, Which I do owe unto all womankynd, Feele my hart perst with so great agony, When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do
steepe,

#### Una and the Lion

To thinke how she through guyleful handeling, Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,

Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches
shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd, Far from all peoples preace, as in exile, In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd, To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter wrought,

Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd, Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;

Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way, From her unhastie beast she did alight; And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight: From her fayre head her fillet she undight, And layd her stole aside. Her angels face, As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,

And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse;
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked
long,

Her hart gan melt in great compassion; And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

'The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field.'
Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does
yield,

#### Una and the Lion

Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me
abhord?

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,

Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;

And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might
attayne.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and
ward:

And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent, With humble service to her will prepard:

From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement, And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Unfortunately, we have not space for more long selections from the poem but we cannot leave it without the following stanza from the sixth book:

"It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
The other, that hath litle, asks no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise;
For wisedome is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize;
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

Besides the poems already mentioned, Spenser wrote several others of considerable length and varying excellence—as well as a great many sonnets, hymns and other minor poems. His elegy Astrophel, written on the death of Sidney, was discussed in Part Nine, page 112, et seq. He must have been an indefatigable worker and his natural disposition led him to the quiet and seclusion which were so difficult to find in that troublous age, but without which he could not have written so much and so well. He was altogether unpractical, with no intimate acquaintance with men and affairs. His habitually serious disposition led him into a dreamy existence, peopled with knights and

#### Edmund Spenser

heroes possessing the virtues he knew, but undergoing trials uncommon to ordinary mankind. He must have had most acute senses always alive to the beautiful wherever it resided, for no poet ever had a more exquisite appreciation of every form of beauty the world has to offer. He was a man of extensive learning and of deep religious sentiment as every poem shows. If he had not been a little above the world in a realm of imaginative goodness he could not have preserved the simplicity and purity of his ideas in so rough and licentious an age.

His poetry lacks dramatic power, for though he gives a wealth of incident, his readers rarely thrill with excitement. The passions displayed seem unreal and theatrical and bear no comparison with the powerful creations of Shakespeare. He can excite horror and disgust and sometimes dwells too long on the hideous and the terrible, but even then there is always a taint of artificiality in his descriptions.

However, he has most wonderful artistic power and his descriptions lend themselves readily to illustration. He is a word painter who handles his colors with a spirit and skill so masterful that we can easily imagine him winning equal distinction with a brush before an easel. His fluency never fails, words flow from his pen with an ease and grace that have been the admiration of the world. They fall into such nice and dainty

phrases, such happy conceits, that the reader is in a state of continual delight. It is not often that a more felicitous line is written than the one quoted from the *Epithalamium*, where the holy priest speaks to the bride "and blesseth her with his two happy hands."

But his greatest power lies in his mastery of versification and in the charming music of his lines. In this respect he is unexcelled and has been the model of many a successor. Lowell says "Spenser has coached more poets and more eminent ones than any other writer of English verse," and later adds: "Spenser's mere manner has not had so many imitators as Milton's, but no other of our poets has given an impulse and in the right direction also, to so many and so diverse minds; above all, no other has given to so many young souls a consciousness of their wings, and a delight in the use of them."

One of the peculiarities of Spenser's taste was his liking for old and nearly obsolete words, for the very words that Chaucer used but which had dropped from public recognition even in Spenser's time. His choice of words and archaic spelling made him difficult to read even then.

Apropos of this point Leigh Hunt has written: "He is accused also (by little boys) of obsolete words and spelling; and it must be added that he often forces his rhymes—nay, spells them in an arbitrary manner on purpose to make them fit.

#### Edmund Spenser

In short, he has a variety of faults, real or supposed, that would be intolerable in writers in general. This is true. The answer is, that his genius not only makes amends for all, but overlays them and makes them beautiful, with 'riches fineless.' When acquaintance with him is once begun. he repels none but the anti-poetical. Others may not be able to read him continuously; but more or less, and as an enchanted stream 'to dip into,' they will read him always. In Spenser's time orthography was unsettled. Pronunciation is always so. The great poet, therefore, sometimes spells his words, whether rhymed or otherwise, in a manner apparently arbitrary, for the purpose of inducing the reader to give them the sound fittest for the sense. Alliteration, which, as a ground of melody, had been a principle in Anglo-Saxon verse, continued such a favorite with old English poets whom Spenser loved, that, as late as the reign of Edward III, it stood in the place of rhyme itself. Our author turns it to beautiful account."

Comparing him with Chaucer, the reader notices how little they have in common. A writer in the Westminster Review sums up the case very effectively as follows: "But, compared with Chaucer, the extent of Spenser's influence is unimportant. The difference between the two poets, in this respect, must be traced partly to their different genius, and partly to their different

historical position. The author of The Canterbury Tales loved what was real and practical; the author of The Faerie Oueene what was picturesque and ideal. The words of the one are terse, racy and nervous; those of the other soft, sweet and melodious. The one can be appreciated by everybody; the other only by the man of taste and imagination. The audience of Spenser must, therefore, always be select. Since the time of Chaucer the English language had received much literary culture. For generations before Spenser was born it had been adopted by all classes of Englishmen as the ordinary means of communication, so that in Spenser's time it had almost become stereotyped. No individual writer, therefore, could now affect the language so powerfully as he could in the fourteenth century, when the language was still forming. Chaucer had hardly any rivals. Spenser had hundreds. Chaucer had scarcely any successors for a century; Spenser was immediately eclipsed."

## Studies

- 1. Why is Sir Walter Raleigh a typical representative of the Elizabethan Age?
- 2. What events happened in America before Elizabeth became Queen of England? What settlements had been made in America before her death? Were any of these permanent?
- 3. What is meant by euphuistic conversation and why was it so called?
- 4. What in this course has been said before this of Sir Philip Sidney? Who wrote an elegy on him? (Consult Index.) Who is the "busy Archer" mentioned in Sidney's sonnet on the moon?
- 5. Read again the biographical sketch of Sir Francis Bacon. Do you think the style of his essays is correctly described in the estimate in this Part? Find in his essays sentences that justify your opinion.
- 6. To how great an extent is America associated with the name of Sir Walter Raleigh? Is America indebted to him for anything? What evidences of "brilliancy of imagination" do you find in the poem quoted in this Part?
- 7. What is the meaning of the words prothalamium and epithalamium? Who besides Spenser

have used the Arthurian legends as material for poetic treatment? Find evidences of phrasal power in the selections from *The Faerie Queene*. Select and learn a few quotable lines from Spenser. Rewrite with modernized spelling and substitutes for archaic or unusual words the selection describing the meeting of Una and the Lion. Compare several stanzas of the selection to see if the meter and rhyme scheme are identical throughout. Just what are the peculiarities of the Spenserian Stanza? Where else have you seen it used to advantage?

## The Drama

(In Part Twelve, page 157, will be found a brief history of the English drama, which should be read in this connection.)

Neither in its prose nor in its lyric poetry, excellent as the latter was, did Elizabethan literature reach its highest level.

Christopher The modern drama came into being then and in Shakespeare attained its most exalted height. He was not the first to write, nor the only one of his time. Peele, Greene, Kyd and others were successful, but greater than all these was Christopher Marlowe, who was born in 1564, only two months before Shakespeare. His life was a brief one but he fixed the form and meter of the drama and really established the lines upon which nearly every tragedy published since that time has been cast. He threw aside the Greek unities and depended upon the imagination of his hearers to carry a complex plot over long periods of time and into many scenes. All this he did before his thirtieth year and probably before Shakespeare had published a single tragedy. was a passionate man of high ambitions, who lived the wild life of those who haunted the theater and the wine shops, and in a drunken brawl he was stabbed with the knife he had drawn upon another. The Puritan writers who followed him took pains to make his character as dark as they could because of their abhorrence of the theater and his

It is difficult and perhaps unnecmanner of life. essary to determine the exact truth, for whatever his character, his work bears the mark of his Tambourlaine the Great, Doctor Faustus, The Jew of Malta and Edward the Second are his four great dramas, great in conception and great in execution. The first delineates a character absorbed by the passion for conquest and power; the second, a man consumed by a thirst for knowledge; the third, in Barabas, sometimes spoken of as the prototype of Shakespeare's Shylock, a Jew most avaricious and heartless; the fourth, a King, the incarnation of weakness. The second has the same subject as Goethe has taken for his Faust and it is doubtful whether Germany's greatest poet exceeded in intensity the tragic power of the closing scene in Marlowe's drama. Faustus, having mastered all earthly wisdom, summons by magic Mephistophilis, one of Satan's spirits, to whom he gives this message:

"Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer; Seeing Faustus had incurred eternal death By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity. Say he surrenders up to him his soul, So he will spare him four and twenty years, Letting him live in all voluptuousness; Having thee ever to attend on me; To give me whatsoever I shall ask; To tell me whatsoever I demand;

#### Doctor Faustus

To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends; And always be obedient to my will."

Satan accepts the offer and Faustus has his years of indulgence though not without a troubled conscience and many regrets that are stifled as they rise. The play is weak and almost childish in places but it rises in power toward the close. In the last scene Lucifer and his attendant spirits appear, scholars enter and plead with Faustus, hoping to cure the ills they see approaching, but despair has seized him and he tells his friends his awful secret. They withdraw to pray outside and spirits enter to plague or to console him.

To the last one going Faustus says:

"Oh! I have seen enough to torture me."

The bad angel replies:

"Nay, thou must feel them, take the smart of all;

He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall."

Faustus is now alone in his chamber and slowly the clock strikes eleven:

Faust. Oh. Faustus!

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, And then thou must be damned perpetually. Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven, That time may cease, and midnight never come.

Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make Perpetual day; or let this hour be but

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,

That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!1

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

Oh, I'll leap up to heaven! — Who pulls me down?

See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:

One drop of blood will save me: oh, my Christ!

Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ; Yet will I call on him. O, spare me,

Lucifer! —

Where is it now? — 'Tis gone!

And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow!

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on
me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No!

Then will I headlong run into the earth: [me. Gape, earth! — Oh, no, it will not harbour You stars that reigned at my nativity,

z. Slowly, slowly run, O horses of the night.

#### Doctor Faustus

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell, Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist, Into the entrails of you labouring cloud; That, when ye vomit forth into the air, My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths; But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

(The clock strikes the half hour.)

Oh, half the hour is past, 'twill all be past anon.

Oh! If my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain,
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand—and at last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh! Pythagoras! Metempsychosis!
Were that (but) true; this soul should fly from me.

And I be changed into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.

Cursed be the parents that engendered me!

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

(The clock strikes twelve.)

It strikes, it strikes! now, body, turn to air, Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

(Thunder and rain.)

O soul! be changed into small water drops And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

#### Enter the Devils.

Oh! mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me! Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!—

Ugly hell, gape not ! — Come not, Lucifer I'll burn my books! — Oh, Mephistophilis!
(Exeunt.)

#### Enter the Scholars.

I Scho. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,

For such a dreadful night was never seen Since first the world's creation did begin;

Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;

- Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.
- 2 Scho. Oh, help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs.
- All torn asunder by the hand of death.
- 3 Scho. The devils whom Faustus served have torn him thus;

#### William Sbakespeare

For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, me thought

I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help; At which selftime the house seemed all on fire, With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

Five great men stand supreme in the William Shakespeare history of the world's literature, each achieving his fame in the language of a different race and in a different age, but all read with delight by every cultured person in every nation since they wrote. More than seven hundred years before Christ, Homer wrote for the Greeks; Vergil wrote in Latin a few years before the beginning of the Christian era; about thirteen hundred years later Dante gave eternal power to Italian poetry; Shakespeare followed in three hundred years; and two centuries later Goethe became Germany's greatest writer. It took twenty-five centuries to produce the five masters, and it is not probable that their equal will be found except in the genius of another nation and in another tongue.

Any account of English literature that does not give large space to Shakespeare must be defective. In Part Ten of this course, page 200, is printed one of his sonnets, and Parts Eleven and Twelve are devoted to *Macbeth* and Shakespeare. There will be found on page 267 of Part Twelve a brief biography of the poet, and in it a classified list of his most important plays. The student should

turn to these references, re-read the articles there and place the great poet in his proper niche in history.

Of this Elizabethan Age which we are Ben Ionson now studying Shakespeare is the greatest poet, and to leave him for the study of another seems to make too clear the marked contrast. Yet to omit from the period the name of Ben Ionson would be unfair to the most learned of the dramatists and the greatest of Shakespeare's followers. Jonson appears to have been a trifle vain of his learning and to have rejoiced in his superiority over Shakespeare in this respect, yet the two dramatists were good friends and members of the This was the famous one that met at same club. the Mermaid Tayern and is said to have been founded by Sir Walter Raleigh. Jonson exerted a great influence upon his age, especially in respect to the niceties of language. In his writing he was careful, and his genius manifested itself in the originality of his characters and the brilliancy of his wit. In manners he was rough and uncourtly; in disposition, jealous and selfish; in habits, dissipated and extravagant; but when not quarreling with his friends he was active and influential among them. He was made poet laureate and justified his appointment by writing many masques in which he lauded the king and reigning family. His closing years were dark and painful. palsy, writing to the last to support himself, he

#### To Charis

died at the age of sixty-four years. He was buried in Westminster Abbey and above his tomb was placed the oft-quoted inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson."

His tragedies Sejanus and Catiline, a reversion to the Greek type which Marlowe and Shake-speare had abandoned, were labored and pedantic, but popular at the time. Every Man in His Own Humor was his first comedy, and Volpone and The Silent Woman two of his best. Though not professedly a lyric poet, some of the songs in his dramas had much musical power, as these will testify:

## To Charis

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth.
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star, when it riseth.
Do but mark her forehead, smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself thro' the face.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt of the wool of the beaver,

Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

## To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Theaters It is difficult for us to understand in tnese days when theaters are palaces and the scenic possibilities are seemingly without

#### Theaters

limit, how in the rude theaters of the Elizabethan period there could be such dramatic triumphs, or how there could have been the inspiration to write for production under such unfavorable conditions.

The first theater on English ground was put up in 1576 and was known as The Theater, while The Globe with which Shakespeare's name is so closely associated was not erected till 1593. theaters were rude inclosures, roofless except that the stage was covered and offering no seats to those who remained on the ground floor. the floor was often the ground and the less favored part of the audience, standing, crowded the pit, and might well be called "groundlings." Admission to this part of the house was about one penny, but around the sides of the theater were more comfortable boxes where wealthier people could obtain seats for a couple of shillings. There was little or no scenery and a board marked "Dunsinane" might be all there was to localize Macbeth's castle. The costumes, however, were showy and elaborate, and the acting sincere and excellent, even by the young men who played the female characters. The plays began about three in the afternoon and continued to their close unless a heavy shower of rain sent the spectators scurrying home, or an excited audience, dissatisfied with the histrionic efforts, mobbed the players.

When one now reads the plays and poetry of

that age he wonders at the obscenity of the language and the hideous vulgarity of many of the plots. There is some excuse for this as the customs of the day warranted a license that would not be tolerated now. Fortunately, those things so offensive to our more refined modern taste are rarely vital and may be discarded without injury to the drama or the poem.

Beaumont and Two writers, usually classified with those of the Puritan Age, partake so largely of Elizabethan characteristics that they are mentioned here. These two men, neither of whom was married, lived together in closest intimacy, sharing the same room and even holding their wardrobe in common. Their work was done together and it is impossible now to tell what portion each contributed. But John Fletcher (1579-1625) was five years older than Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and lived nine years after the death of his friend. During this latter period he wrote many plays and by the comparison of these with the dramas written by the two, critics have felt able to ascribe to Beaumont the more tragic and noble parts, while to Fletcher they give the credit for the gaiety and humor. Still no separation can be complete, and their names are commonly spoken together and their plays known as the work of one, Beaumont and Fletcher. It was a curious literary partnership resulting in the production of many plays full of noble sentiment and

#### Beaumont and Fletcher

tender pathos, varied by comic situations and witty conversation, but soiled for the modern reader by the prevalent vulgarity of the age.

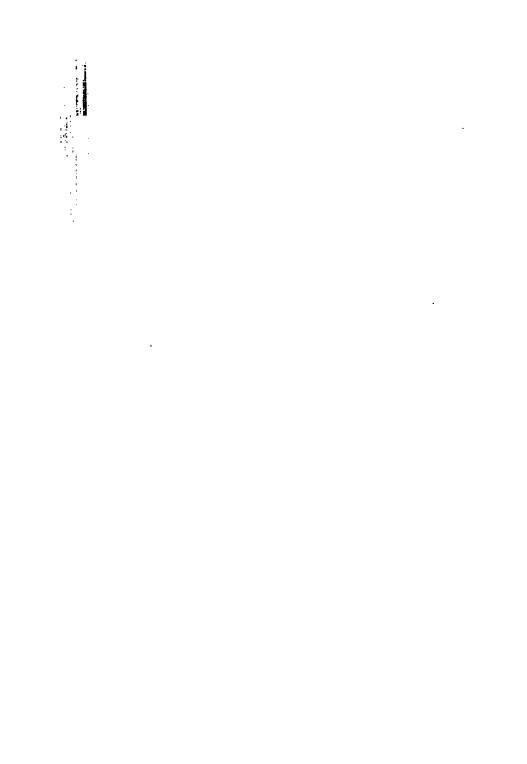
Other dramatists succeeded in writing plays of merit but after Shakespeare there was a rapid decline and soon the Puritans closed the theaters and there was no further call for dramatic composition. After the Restoration the drama was revived and writers grew famous for a time; but with the complete passing of Elizabethan influences dramatic productions ceased to be an important factor in our literature.

#### Studies

- 1. What great dramas have you seen upon the stage? Have you read them since you saw them acted?
  - 2. What are the "Greek unities"?
- 3. Why did Puritan writers try to blacken the character of Christopher Marlowe?
- 4. In the selection from *Doctor Faustus* what figure is used in the words "Fair nature's eyes", in "time runs", in "Mountains and hills come, come and fall on me", in "like a foggy mist"? Who was Pythagoras? What is metempsychosis?
- .5. What do we know of Shakespeare's early life? Was there anything in it to prepare him to write as he did? Did his life in London directly contribute to his playwriting? Is there anything in Macbeth that indicates the manners and customs of the time at which it was written? Does Macbeth call for much scenery? Compare the humor of Much Ado About Nothing with that in other plays. Which depends most upon funny situations, which upon amusing dialogue, which upon absurd or laughable characters?
- 6. Name the Elizabethan dramatists in order of time, in order of rank. Why are Beaumont and Fletcher included with them?
- 7. What are the chief characteristics of the Elizabethan Age? In what does it excel all others? What reasons can you see for such excellence?

## Period of Italian Influence

III. THE PURITAN AGE 1603-1660



## The Puritan Age

The splendor of the Elizabethan Age gave way very quickly to an entirely different condition of People learned that not everything was possible even to themselves, favored as they were by The New Learning met living at such a time. problems it was impossible for it to solve and the wealth that flowed into the coffers of the State was found to have its limitations. The blaze of glory that marked Elizabeth's reign faded away and her weak successors, clinging to their divine right to rule, saw darkness settling about the throne. people, inspired perhaps by the intellectual awakening they had witnessed, began to question and to Particularly in religious matters was discussion keen and radical. The same indomitable spirit that had led in discovery and exploration in a material world, prompted many to question the rights of the king and the domination of the clergy. James I was a cowardly king, disagreeable in his personal appearance and conceited enough to prompt him to direct his own course regardless of the warnings he received from his outraged people. stantly insisting on his divine right to rule, he alienated his friends, and his reign was a constant struggle with his parliament. When "the wisest fool in Christendom" died he had lost much of his power and the House of Commons had gained it.

religion, the Puritan and Independent parties had grown and were already insisting on a recognition which it would have been wise to grant them. James died in 1625 and was succeeded by his son Charles I, who reaped all the fatal consequences of his father's weakness and obstinacy. Himself a man of conscientious personal conduct, Charles conceived the idea that as king he could do no wrong and his public career became full of enormities. His conduct hastened the catastrophe.

During the reign of Elizabeth, the Puri-The Puritans tans were a small body of enthusiasts attracting little attention, but they increased rapidly in numbers while James was king and under Charles became the power that overthrew him. Largely composed of members of the middle classes, they believed in sober dress, simple manners, plain meeting-houses and little ceremonial in their They were strict in their habits and looked with violent disapproval upon all forms of dissipation; indeed they carried this to such an extreme that they wore clothes of sober colors. clipped their hair short, interlarded their conversation with biblical quotations and gave to their children strange biblical names. But they were sincere, determined, and obstinate to a degree. Though they preached and prayed and sang their nasal hymns, they could fight to the death against any encroachment upon their political or religious rights.

#### The Revolution

The twenty-four years of Charles's reign Revolution were a constant struggle which finally terminated in the civil war. On one side were the country gentlemen, the clergy, the nobility and the king, known collectively as the Cavaliers, because of their gallant bearing and dashing ways. Against them were arrayed the small farmers and shop-keepers with now and then a nobleman, all finally led by the Master Roundhead, Oliver Cromwell. The struggle wavered back and forth between the two parties till on Marston Moor and at Naseby, Cromwell and his famous Ironsides, his God-fearing, praying, fighting army, came out victorious. Change followed change. The king who had fled to Scotland was surrendered to Parliament and by it tried and executed. The House of Lords was abolished and England became a republic known as the Commonwealth, governed nominally by a council of which John Milton was Secretary. Troubles thickened about the young republic and again Cromwell rushed to its aid. Forcibly driving out the inefficient Parliament and summoning a new one, Cromwell was declared Protector. For five years he was king in everything but name, and during that time compelled respect abroad by his victorious arms and his farseeing policy. At home he was arbitrary and exacting, but his tyrannies grew out of his love for his country and not from love of personal The Puritans went to great lengths. power.

Montgomery says, "Puritan fanaticism closed all places of amusement; it condemned mirth as ungodly; it was a sin to dance round a Maypole or to eat mince pie at Christmas. Fox hunting and horse racing were forbidden, and bear-baiting prohibited, 'not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.'"

Oliver Cromwell died in 1658 and his eldest son Richard succeeded to the protectorate only to be deposed after eight months of inefficient attempts to carry out the plans of his father. The sudden fall of "Tumble-Down-Dick" marked the close of Puritan control and the restoration of the Stuarts in the person of Charles II, who came to the throne in 1660.

The English revolution brought about such changes not only in the government of the country but also in the religion, habits of thought and daily customs that the literature of the Puritan epoch could not be like that of the lively days of Elizabeth. Lightness and frivolity disappeared and in their place came the serious thought and devout belief of the Roundheads. Moreover, an age of war and bloodshed is not conducive to literary effort, especially when the cause for which the war is fought is one that involves the daily interests not only of the actual contestants but of the would-be quiet onlookers. The period, too, was a brief one. The reader is inclined to forget

## 13aak Walton

this when he thinks of the events that crowded its daily history. When Shakespeare died Milton was eight years old.

#### PROSE

Though the period is short, it is worthy of most careful consideration. Its one great writer was Milton, and he is the greatest poet excepting Shakespeare that England has known. Bunyan stands for the prose of the epoch, though if Milton's fame as a poet had not been of such transcendent greatness he might himself have retained his reputation as a writer of strong argumentative prose. The writings of the time are full of religious experiences and personal theological beliefs. There were other prose writers but their chief title to remembrance is based upon the high principles they advocated rather than upon the excellence of their literary style.

It was the period in which Jeremy Walton Taylor wrote his Holy Living and Dying, which to-day is a classic with people of strong religious tendencies; Richard Baxter wrote his The Saints' Everlasting Rest; Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) penned his Religio Medici; and Izaak Walton (most charming figure of all) gave us The Compleat Angler which every lover of nature and the piscatorial art still reads with unfailing delight. Hear what he says of angling:

"But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

"Look, under that broad beech-tree, I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree. near to the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam: and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs. some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

"'Twas for that time lifted above earth, And possessed joys not promised in my birth."

## John Bungan

"No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation, than angling."

John Bunyan did not write his *Pilgrim's Progress* until after the Restoration, but he is so entirely Puritan in sentiment and expression that he should be placed with Milton and his congeners.

That the profane and dissolute son of a country tinker, with little education and no taste for books, should become a great preacher is remarkable; that he should have the courage to fight with Cromwell against the king and then possess the endurance to live for twelve years in jail; and that under such surveillance he should be able to write a book more widely read than any other

excepting the bible, is enough to make the man one of the few great characters of a nation. Yet such is John Bunyan's career. His Pilgrim's Progress, the culmination of English prose allegory, is written in a style that is simple, clear and dramatic, and the allegorical characters are so truly painted by his vivid imagination that they become real flesh and blood persons. It is evident from the vitality of his characters and the nervous vigor of his style that Bunyan's message came from his heart, that he was writing of the terrible anxiety and the awful soul-crises through which he had passed in his own stormy career. One quotation is subjoined:

# The Land of Beulab—The Fords of the River—At Home

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims got over the Enchanted Ground; and, entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually 'the singing of birds,' and saw every day 'the flowers' appear in the earth, and heard 'the voice of the turtle' in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out

## Pilgrim's Progress

of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. this land also the contract between the Bride and the Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine: for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices, saying, 'Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!' (Isaiah 62:11-12). Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' etc.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the City they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was built of pearls and precious stones; also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by

reason of the natural glory of the City, and the reflection of the sun-beams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick. Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease. Wherefore here they lay by it awhile, crying out because of their pangs, 'If ye see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

But, being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer. where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens; and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way: to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delights, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards. and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties: he also showed them there the King's walks and the arbours, where he delighted to be: and here they tarried and slept.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time, than ever they did in all their journey: and being in a muse thereabouts, the gardener said even to me. Wherefore musest thou at the matter?

#### Pilgrim's Progress

It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards 'to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.'

So I saw that when they awoke they addressed themselves to go up to the City. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the City (for the City was pure gold), was so extremely glorious that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw, that as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, and what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the City.

Christian then and his companion asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would; but, said they, You must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream, that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw that between them and

the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them, said, You must go through or you cannot come at the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate. To which they answered, Yes; but there hath not any, save two—to wit, Enoch and Elijah—been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world; nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then (especially Christian) began to despond, and looked this way and that, but could find no way by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of the same depth? They said no; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, 'I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all the waves go over me. Selah.'

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my

# Pilgrim's Progress

brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon him. Also here he in a great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spoke still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heartfears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for, ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had so much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavor to comfort him saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us. But Christian

would answer, It is you, it is you they wait for; for you have been hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah, brother (said he) surely if I was right He would now arise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said Hopeful. My brother, you have quite forgot the text. where it is said of the wicked, 'There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.' These troubles and distresses that you go through are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added these words, 'Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.' And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh, I see him again! and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore

#### Pilgrim's Progress

presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; thus they got over.

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river they saluted them, saying, 'We are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who

told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is 'Mount Zion the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, the spirits of just men made perfect.' You are going now, said they. to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower regions of the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, and death; for the former things are passed away. You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac and Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath 'taken away from the evil to come,' and that are now 'resting upon their beds, each one walking in his uprightness.' The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered. You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of

#### Pilgrim's Progress

the Holy One: for there you 'shall see him as he is.' There also you shall serve him constantly with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. your eyes shall be delighted with seeing and your eyes with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you: and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with the sound of trumpet, in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you shall also have a voice in that judgment, because they are his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him.

## POETRY

Nearly all of the poets of the time were adherents of the king, and their poetry, chiefly lyrical, was upon light subjects and of little permanent value. Robert Herrick, a clergyman of the Church of England, was chief of the Cavalier poets and some of his thirteen hundred poems are worthy of remembrance. evidently a man who made no serious attempts to follow out the precepts of his high calling and much that the festive clergyman wrote is not suitable for publication. The exquisite melody of some of his lines and the beauty and picturesqueness of his diction may be seen in the playful fancy of Cherry Ripe, and kindred poems and again in To Daffodils and To Blossoms, where there is mingled a delicate touch of pathos.

# Cherry Ripe

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones—come and buy! If so be you ask me where They do grow?—I answer: There,

Where my Julia's lips do smile — There's the land, or cherry-isle; Whose plantations fully shew All the year where cherries grow.

# To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon;
Stay, Stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you:
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything;
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away

Like to the summer's rain, Or as the pearls of morning-dew, Ne'er to be found again.

# To Blossoms

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

John Milton, who embodies all that is highest and best in Puritan poetry, lived and worked through the whole period under discussion. To him belongs far more space than

#### Daradise Lost

to all the others we have mentioned. Such space is given. In Part Nine, page 142, is a biographical sketch; in Part Ten, on page 215, is his sonnet *To Cromwell*; on page 189, *On His Own Blindness*; and on page 120, Part Nine, his elegy on *Lycidas*. In Part Eight, page 217, *L'Allegro* is printed, and on page 225, *Il Penseroso*.

These are all lyrics and do not show the full maturity of Milton's power as it is manifested in the sublime epic, *Paradise Lost*. The subject of this is the greatest that man can conceive, for its theme is the Fall of Man and the Redemption through Christ. No outline can give any idea of the grandeur of Milton's treatment or the mighty force of his stately lines.

The epic opens with the council of Paradise Lost Satan and his fallen angels who decide to oppose God's plan to create an earth and people it with sinless beings. After much debate it is agreed that Satan shall undertake the journey to Earth and destroy the innocence of our first parents. He finds the gates of Hell guarded by Sin and Death, and on his journey meets the Angel of the Sun of whom he inquires his way, and finally descends upon the Earth disguised as the Angel of Light. Satan finds the Garden of Eden and sees the beautiful picture of innocence and happiness which Adam and Eve present. trying to tempt Eve in a dream, Satan is arrested by the angels guarding Paradise but is allowed to

escape. Eve tells her dream to Adam and is comforted by him. As they set about their usual employment the Angel Raphael comes to warn them, relates the Fall of Satan and the disobedient angels and recounts the story of the Creation; in return Adam gives his own recollections and describes his meeting with Eve and their union. Then Satan, succeeding in his temptation of Eve, who wins Adam to his fall, returns to Pandemonium to recount his success. Here he and all his angels are turned into serpents. In the meantime Sin and Death have constructed a causeway through Chaos to Earth. Sentence is passed upon Adam and Eve, who are repentant and plead forgiveness. Their repentance is accepted by the Almighty but he expels them from Paradise and sends the angel Michael to inform them of their punishment. Eve bewails their fate and Michael shows them the life of man before and after the Milton does not hesitate to take his Flood. readers into Heaven, even to the presence of God himself who accepts from Christ the offer to be the vicarious sacrifice for Adam's disobedience. The account of the redemption of man and the destiny of the church comforts Adam, and the poem closes with the wandering forth from Paradise.

The epic is divided into twelve books, each in itself a long poem. Milton wrote in unrhymed iambic pentameter, but in such blank verse as has

#### Paradise Lost

never been written by another. It is light and musical or full and sonorous as the occasion demands. Cowper, writing long ago, says: "Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of *Paradise Lost?* It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute; variety without end, and never equalled unless, perhaps, by Virgil."

But the gravity of the subject, the elaborate treatment and the weight of classical learning that cumber the lines, make the poem difficult to understand, and make few in number the readers who can be said to enjoy it.

It is impossible in the space at command to give adequate selections, but a few significant quotations are appended. This description of Satan is from the first book:

"He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield.

Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, Behind him cast; the broad circumference Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views At evening from the top of Fesolé, Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endured till on the beach
Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades, High over-arched, embower; or scattered sedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrewn,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours,
now lost,

#### Daradise Lost

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place,
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T' adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers, from Heaven-gates, discern
Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us
down

Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf. Awake, arise, or be forever fallen."

Eden is thus described in the fourth book:

"Thus was this place

A happy rural seat of various view;

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm:

Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,

Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,

If true, here only, and of delicious taste:

Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks

Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;

Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the
rose:

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringéd bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring."

From book five comes the Morning Hymn sung by Adam and Eve in Paradise:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,

Almighty! thine this universal frame, [then, Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens, To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power
divine.

#### Daradise Lost

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs And choral symphonies, day without night, Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven, On earth join all ye creatures to extol Him first, him last, him midst, and without end?

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night, If better thou belong not to the dawn.

Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn [sphere,

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou son, of this great world both eye and soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,

And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,

With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;

And ye five other wandering fires, that move In mystic dance not without song, resound His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless
change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth, with falling showers, Rising or falling, still advance his praise. His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his
praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep, Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

#### Sobn Wilton

To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade, Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still To give us only good; and, if the night Have gathered aught of evil or concealed, Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!"

It is interesting now to compare the four great poets whose lives and works we have studied, and no better parallel has been drawn than that of Hazlitt:

"The four greatest names in English poetry are almost the first four we come to, - Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. There are no others that can really be put in competition with The last two have had justice done them by the voice of common fame; their names are blazoned in the very firmament of reputation; while the first two (though 'the fault has been more in their stars than in themselves that they are underlings') either never emerged far above the horizon or were too soon involved in the obscurity of time. In comparing these four writers together it might be said that Chaucer excels as the poet of manners, or of real life; Spenser as the poet of romance; Shakespeare as the poet of nature (in the largest use of the term); and Milton as the poet of moral-

ity. Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser as we wish them to be; Shakespeare as they would be; and Milton as they ought to be. As poets, and as great poets, imagination — that is, the power of feigning things according to nature — was common to them all; but the principle, or moving power, to which this faculty was most subservient in Chaucer, was habit, or inveterate prejudice; in Spenser, novelty, and the love of the marvelous; in Shakespeare it was the force of passion, combined with every variety of possible circumstances; and in Milton, only with the highest. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakespeare, everything."

From the death of Chaucer to the Restoration is usually known as the period of Italian influence because the literature of Italy furnished models for English poets. The sonnet and blank verse are of Italian origin, though in the use of both the English achieved greater skill than their masters. Through the intellectual activities of the Renaissance, as writers usually term the revival of learning that was so vigorous in Elizabeth's reign, and through the shifting religious ideals of the Reformation, this influence continued to be felt. not only modified the form of the literature and the style of writing but affected the subject matter of both prose and poetry. Love was a frequent theme, imagination was active and nature was a common source of inspiration.

## Studies

- r. What had Milton to do with the Puritan revolution? Into how many epochs may Milton's life be divided? To what historical periods do they belong?
- 2. What pleasure can a person, not an angler, find in Izaak Walton's writings? Would an angler, not a literary man, enjoy reading him?
- 3. What peculiarities do you find in the style of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*? Attention has been called to the frequency of his indebtedness to the bible. Take these selections from *Pilgrim's Progress* and see how many instances you can find in which he uses or paraphrases biblical language. Find peculiar idiomatic expressions that show the language has changed since Bunyan wrote. Do you enjoy reading the selections? What are the enjoyable features?
- 4. Take the Index and find all that is said about Milton in this course. Read again all that has been quoted from him. Study the selections from *Paradise Lost*. How many scriptural allusions can you find? How many mythological? How many geographical? Write in your best prose a paraphrase of the quotations.
- 5. Would you add others to Hazlitt's list of greatest names in English poetry?
  - 6. How long was the period of Italian influence?

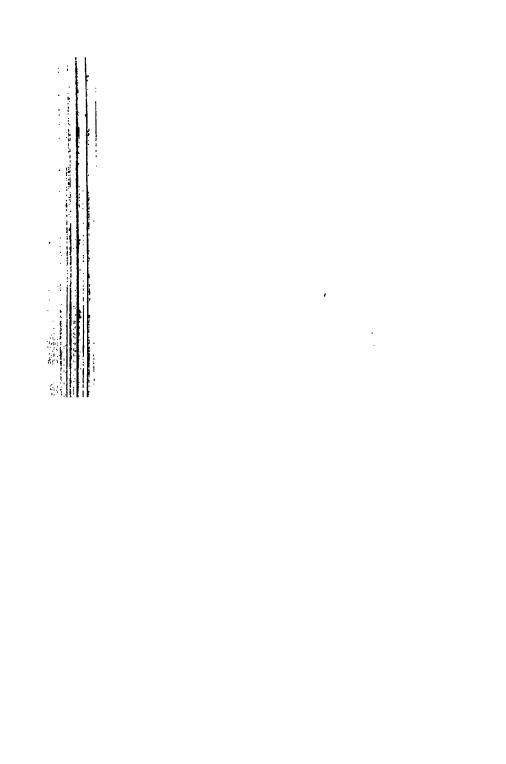
Into what ages is it divided? What are the chief characteristics of each age? Which is the shortest age? Which is the longest age? What is the greatest name in the period? Who was the greatest poet in each age? Who was the greatest prose writer in each age? Make a table showing the comparative length of life of the great writers of the period. Make another table showing how the lives of the great writers overlapped. With which of the great writers are you most familiar? Which do you like the best? Which seemed most tiresome to you? What reasons have you to give for your answers to the last two questions?

7. Locate exactly in point of time the five greatest writers the world has known.

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